# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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**National Anti-Slavery Standard.**

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BY THE

*AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,*

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## Selections.

### MR. CHANNING ON AMERICAN SLAVERY.

From The Liverpool Times, Nov. 20.

The Rev. W. H. Channing delivered a lecture, last night, in the rooms of the Tuckerman Institute, Bedford street, Toxteth-park, upon the subject of Slavery in the United States. There was a very crowded attendance. At eight o'clock the chair was taken by Mr. Wilson.

The Chairman, in a few words, introduced the subject of the lecture, and apologized for the unavoidable absence of the Rev. Francis Bishop, who was to have presided.

The Rev. Mr. Channing, who was loudly applauded, then proceeded to deliver the lecture. He said: I shall endeavour, my friends, in the lecture to which I ask your attention this evening, to remember the old anecdote of the ambassadors who waited upon a King of Sparta with a very lengthy address, as we say in Yankee-land, meaning one which is dry and dull, as well as long. They waited upon him with a very lengthy address, and at the end he said—"With regard to the first and the middle parts of your discourse, they were so long that I have forgotten them; and with regard to the third and closing part of your discussion, inasmuch as I do not see the connection of the first two parts, which I have forgotten, with it, it seems to me that it has no meaning" (laughter). Now, I shall really endeavour not in this sense to be lengthy, although I fear I may be rather long. Why should an anti-slavery lecture be delivered in Liverpool? I take it that all persons here will respond to the old saying of the Roman, "I am a man, and nothing which interests humanity is alien to me." That is one reason for giving an anti-slavery lecture in Liverpool. Then, in the next place, until you contradict it, I shall believe, in spite of blustering editors and bullying politicians, that you love the United States of America and wish them well (cries of hear, hear, and applause). Then, in the third place, this is a matter which concerns every man, and every woman, in Great Britain. It concerns all the working-men of this town, and of this land. If any of you have read the very masterly address upon the colonial system of Great Britain, offered, the other evening, to the citizens of Chester by Mr. Gladstone, you will have seen the importance, in its reactive influence upon labour here, that there should be every opportunity of its expansion everywhere. Now, at this very moment there are lying latent and unused the richest lands of the United States, because the neighbouring lands are cursed with slavery. Would you open a new tide of emigration, would you set free some of the clogged channels of labour in your own land? Then, I say, strike a blow for freedom, by moral influence, and you may be sure of this, that the very instant slavery is abolished in the Southern States of the Union, the tide of emigration will set in upon them in a perfect flood; and many of your brothers and sons, I trust, will be there. This question, then, concerns the working men of Great Britain. It concerns the commercial men of Great Britain—the subject of cotton and sugar—the question of Central America, and Cuba—every question which is the ground of peaceful cooperation, every question in regard to threatened disturbance, is more or less wrought up, interworked, with this question of slavery. I tell you, I believe that were our nations unitedly free to-day, it is not in the power of mortal man, and I do not believe it to be in the power of friends, then, to drive our two nations into war (applause). This question of slavery, then, concerns the working man, and concerns the commercial man, and concerns the politician. It concerns, in a large sense, the true lovers of their race; and, whether you agree with our system of government or not—I do not care about that comparatively one button—whether you think the theories of an aristocracy and a monarchy based upon the commonality is the best system, or whether you believe, as many, perhaps, or some, at least, here may do, in the system of republicanism, I have no doubt every one would wish that the experiment which we are making should be made upon the pure principle of republicanism, which is the foundation of our government. We never can enter upon the true problem which Providence has given us to solve, until we be faithful to the fundamental principle upon which our nation is founded. If, therefore, you desire the reactive influence of the mere lesson of our experience, you must desire that we should faithfully carry out the principles of liberty and equality, universally, trusting men, under God, to their own free energies, to take that place which the endowments of their genius and character would give them in the social scale. This is the experiment we have to try in America. We have never yet begun this work. We have never had an opportunity, because, overlapping from the barbarism of the past, there has rested upon us like lead, like an incubus, this institution of slavery. In a still higher sense, the question concerns you all, as you are lovers of Christianity. You have some comprehension of what are the Christian relations of man to man, and woman to woman. As Christians, you must believe that the largest measure of love expressed in all the relations of society is the truest embodiment of the Christian Church, and the truest representation of the heavenly law. As well-wishers to the Christian Church, you must desire that your fellow-members of that Christian Church, whether black or white, should together recognise, as in God's presence, the common equality of the spiritual nature and the common destiny to which all bow. These, then, are reasons for giving a lecture on anti-slavery in Liverpool. It seems to me that it is very becoming in a citizen of the United States that he should seek to interest you in what interests us the most at the present time. Now, my object to-night is to enable you to see, so to speak, by a bird's-eye view, what really is the character and position of the great movement there at work, so as to enable you to form a sound judgment of the tendencies of our own times, and the prospects of the immediate future. I shall aim, the spirit of truth aiding me, to be just. I shall merely describe, then, each of the great movements which are at work, and so put each of you in a position to see what is the best to be done. I can assure you that the tone I shall speak in is one of hope. Perhaps to many of you this may seem too enthusiastic a hope. I believe, however, I shall be able to do something to justify that hope, and to give you a similar assurance of triumph, and of joy, before I end. First, in regard to the Southern States and the great pro-slavery party in the South: It is a law in warfare never to undervalue one's opponent. Now, in a great moral struggle, I believe the same rule should prevail. It is not by the power of evil that wrong institutions are dangerous, but by the principles of good which are connected and combined, vitally oftentimes, as it seems, with the evil. So with regard to the institution of slavery. Had we merely pirates and cut-throats, desperadoes and tyrants, cruel creatures who distort humanity, to deal with, the work would be comparatively very easy. You have all read—or, if you have not, you have neglected a duty to your moral nature—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*. You know, then, something of the miseries incidental to slave institutions. I am going to pass that whole subject by. I have nothing to say upon it. I presume your own hearts have been harrowed by this subject; and if you know yourselves and know human nature, you know what you probably would be were you slaveholders. I do not believe any one of us here would act, upon the average, better, under a similar condition, than our brethren do in the slave States—at least I shall not claim for myself that I would act any better. I wish, then, to be just to the great pro-slavery party of the South to begin with. This body of the people, growing up under the institution of slavery, have really taught themselves to believe that it is a providential ordinance for the organization of human society. They believe that there is a justification for it to be found in the Old Testament of the Scriptures. They believe that the wisest political philosophy of the ancient world supports them. They point to the fact that slavery existed among the chosen people. They point to the fact that the highest republics of Greece and Rome had as the basis on which their institutions rested the lower class of slaves. They come to the black race, and say, "that race is a peculiar people, marked out for the government of a superior race, more fitted, by their physical endowments, for toil than any others, especially fitted for the climate in which they are found; we believe, therefore, that the very best form of society which can exist for us in regard to our guardianship of this inferior race dependent upon us, and in regard to preserving our own energies for higher work, is this institution of slavery." Here is the body which forms the very nucleus and centre of the slave organization of the Southern States. Let me bring before you one of those men—a very able and energetic man he was. His name you perhaps have read in the public press of America—John C. Calhoun—a man who was a powerful type of the Southern character in his own generation, and a man who gave his influence, personal and political, for this great movement. The attitude which he took in regard to this question was this: "Great Britain is disturbing," he thought, "the peace of the world by her scheme of emancipation in the West Indies, and by a scheme of universal emancipation, which is a fool-hardy and rash interposition against the laws of Providence. She is doing a great deal to provide for herself, in these lands, a source of misery, and all which will inevitably react on her own prosperity. She is preparing a source of discontent between herself and us, and she is ruining us." His deliberate purpose, therefore, was to roll back the tide of emancipation that was setting in, and to him and his influence, and to the body of men arranged around him, may you trace the first project of that great slave empire which was to control Central America, to re-possess the West Indies, and to extend as far, as widely and as rapidly as possible slave institutions. I know, from persons who were well acquainted with Mr. Calhoun in private circles, that this was his deliberate conviction and purpose. He had no doubt that principles of honour, that principles of courage and magnanimity, blended in him with other qualities—but of a misdirected genius—which set him powerfully forward in this direction. It is a terrible thing in human affairs when a man, endowed with genius and with the most noble traits of character, gives himself up to the perpetuation and propagation of error! (Applause.) I wish you to do full justice to the spirit and character of this body of people of whom he was the type and leader; otherwise you never can understand the question rightly, as it is understood and exists in the United States. But let me now give you some of the gentle aspects connected with it. There are people there who would reëstablish, in connection with slavery, all the higher and nobler attributes, as they think, of the feudal and patriarchal institutions. There are gentlewomen, wives and daughters of those men, who believe that the relation which exists between the master and the slave, the mistress and the slave, is one which calls out, on each side, many generous elements of character, devoted affection, disinterestedness, set (but kindly) courtesies; and who believe that they stand in an attitude which thus largely enables them to distribute bounties; and they also believe that those who are dependent look up to them with regard and reverence. Unless you comprehend this, you can never comprehend, or solve, the problem of slavery in America. This is a living just picture of the slave oligarchy. Others, again, take a different view of the question. They regard slavery as an evil, handed down from their ancestors; and let me tell you, they attribute its origin to the instrumentality of Great Britain.

Not many years since, I saw in the hand-writing of Jefferson, in the Declaration of Independence, drawn up by him (I regret to see that the passage is obliterated in the printed document)—but in that declaration the charge is urged against Great Britain that she brought slavery into the colony, and that she established it there despite of the colonists. And it is true; it is the downright fact. It causes those people to look back with regret to that time when slavery was introduced into the colony, and to look upon it as a temporary evil; one that will pass away before the higher influences of religion and civilization. If you think that none in the Southern States look with humiliation on the slavery existing among them, you err; and it may console you to know that they lament the first error, as they deplore its consequences, as developed in their land, and that there are men and women in the South as handsome, as generous, and as pitying as you yourselves (cheering and applause). I knew a gentlewoman in the South. She was noble in figure and in voice. She was in intellect commanding, she was in spirit a Christian. Her expression of countenance was unchangeably sad, and for this reason, that she felt that the dark cloud of slavery hung over her native land, and feared that the time would come when God's dread lightning would rush and blaze down on them from it and destroy them. Meanwhile, she would act as a minister of mercy, and she gathered around her all the children of the plantation, and she taught them in violation of the law, and subjected herself to its direst penalties. Her one earnest thought was how to defend, educate, and lift up those who were oppressed. That class of people are not few in the South; there are many, but they are comparatively passive in regard to the abolition of slavery, because they do not see any sphere in which they can work. Their thought is that slavery will lean still more to the South-West, and they anticipate that, in the course of time, there shall be a Commonwealth which shall be controlled and governed by the black race. Meanwhile they simply await the dawning of that day as best they can. And mingled with them are also a class who yield themselves up to this evil influence of slavery, and who are changed into tyrants by it. But there is another class at the South—thanks be to God, growing fast—who are resolved that slavery shall cease. Understand me, in the South itself are these men. If you will take your map, you will see a range of uplands streatching down through Virginia, North and South Carolina, branching out into Tennessee and Kentucky, and into Georgia, and on through the Southern States. On these higher lands slavery is comparatively of little use. From the first there has been apathy among the people there—they have never felt an interest in slavery—they have always seen their political position to the great principle of republicanism, and they have been desirous, and are agitating a scheme for its abolition. They are, however, silent in their action, because the power of the slave oligarchy is strong, but they are the reserve force of freedom, ready for it when the time comes (applause). Then, again, there are those who see how slavery is destroying their land—how it is eating up the very soil which is cultivated by slave labour—how it prevents the tide of emigration from setting in among them, and how impossible it is to try to elevate the moral condition of a body of people whilst slave institutions prevail. They are resolved, therefore, that slavery shall cease. They draw a very remarkable contrast between the slave States and the free States; they see that it is destroying them, and that it is impossible for them to tolerate it any longer. Let me take and contrast two States—the one a free and the other a slave State—about equal in their extent. Let us take New York State in the North, and Virginia in the South. The State of New York contains 46,000 square miles and that of Virginia 61,000 square miles. In 1810, the population of New York was 959,000; of Virginia 974,000. In 1820, the population of New York increased to 1,372,000, while Virginia increasd to 1,650,000; in 1830, New York 1,918,000, Virginia 1,211,000; in 1840, New York 2,428,000, Virginia 1,239,000; and in 1850, New York 3,097,000, and Virginia 1,426,000. Then, again, in regard to the extent of their land improved and unimproved. In New York there are 12,408,000 acres improved; in Virginia, 10,360,000 acres. 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The reverend lecturer then stated that the whole number of 3,100,000 slaves of the Southern States were held by 370,000 people, of whom only 9,200, at the outside, held any large number of slaves. He explained that it was by unity this small oligarchy was able to exert such a power. He trusted he had spoken of them generously, but he should also speak firmly, and declare that the days of this oligarchy were numbered. They had been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and it only remained for them to admit that they were vanquished. His impression was, that during the coming four years it would be seen that slavery was vanquished in the United States once and forever (cheers). If they thought that too bold a prophecy, he would postpone it until eight years as the longest term he could give (cheers). He meant, of course, the beginning of the work of emancipation. He did not mean that all the evils of slavery would be put away in four years. 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From the first there has been apathy among the people there—they have never felt an interest in slavery—they have always seen their political position to the great principle of republicanism, and they have been desirous, and are agitating a scheme for its abolition. They are, however, silent in their action, because the power of the slave oligarchy is strong, but they are the reserve force of freedom, ready for it when the time comes (applause). Then, again, there are those who see how slavery is destroying their land—how it is eating up the very soil which is cultivated by slave labour—how it prevents the tide of emigration from setting in among them, and how impossible it is to try to elevate the moral condition of a body of people whilst slave institutions prevail. They are resolved, therefore, that slavery shall cease. They draw a very remarkable contrast between the slave States and the free States; they see that it is destroying them, and that it is impossible for them to tolerate it any longer. Let me take and contrast two States—the one a free and the other a slave State—about equal in their extent. Let us take New York State in the North, and Virginia in the South. The State of New York contains 46,000 square miles and that of Virginia 61,000 square miles. In 1810, the population of New York was 959,000; of Virginia 974,000. In 1820, the population of New York increased to 1,372,000, while Virginia increasd to 1,650,000; in 1830, New York 1,918,000, Virginia 1,211,000; in 1840, New York 2,428,000, Virginia 1,239,000; and in 1850, New York 3,097,000, and Virginia 1,426,000. Then, again, in regard to the extent of their land improved and unimproved. In New York there are 12,408,000 acres improved; in Virginia, 10,360,000 acres. 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The reverend lecturer then stated that the whole number of 3,100,000 slaves of the Southern States were held by 370,000 people, of whom only 9,200, at the outside, held any large number of slaves. He explained that it was by unity this small oligarchy was able to exert such a power. He trusted he had spoken of them generously, but he should also speak firmly, and declare that the days of this oligarchy were numbered. They had been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and it only remained for them to admit that they were vanquished. His impression was, that during the coming four years it would be seen that slavery was vanquished in the United States once and forever (cheers). If they thought that too bold a prophecy, he would postpone it until eight years as the longest term he could give (cheers). He meant, of course, the beginning of the work of emancipation. He did not mean that all the evils of slavery would be put away in four years. 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Republican party, based upon the principles of freedom, which had already carried several States, and would carry, he thought, "the peace of the world by her scheme of emancipation in the West Indies, and by a scheme of universal emancipation, which is a fool-hardy and rash interposition against the laws of Providence. She is doing a great deal to provide for herself, in these lands, a source of misery, and all which will inevitably react on her own prosperity. She is preparing a source of discontent between herself and us, and she is ruining us." His deliberate purpose, therefore, was to roll back the tide of emancipation that was setting in, and to him and his influence, and to the body of men arranged around him, may you trace the first project of that great slave empire which was to control Central America, to re-possess the West Indies, and to extend as far, as widely and as rapidly as possible slave institutions. I know, from persons who were well acquainted with Mr. Calhoun in private circles, that this was his deliberate conviction and purpose. He had no doubt that principles of honour, that principles of courage and magnanimity, blended in him with other qualities—but of a misdirected genius—which set him powerfully forward in this direction. It is a terrible thing in human affairs when a man, endowed with genius and with the most noble traits of character, gives himself up to the perpetuation and propagation of error! (Applause.) I wish you to do full justice to the spirit and character of this body of people of whom he was the type and leader; otherwise you never can understand the question rightly, as it is understood and exists in the United States. But let me now give you some of the gentle aspects connected with it. There are people there who would reëstablish, in connection with slavery, all the higher and nobler attributes, as they think, of the feudal and patriarchal institutions. There are gentlewomen, wives and daughters of those men, who believe that the relation which exists between the master and the slave, the mistress and the slave, is one which calls out, on each side, many generous elements of character, devoted affection, disinterestedness, set (but kindly) courtesies; and who believe that they stand in an attitude which thus largely enables them to distribute bounties; and they also believe that those who are dependent look up to them with regard and reverence. Unless you comprehend this, you can never comprehend, or solve, the problem of slavery in America. This is a living just picture of the slave oligarchy. Others, again, take a different view of the question. They regard slavery as an evil, handed down from their ancestors; and let me tell you, they attribute its origin to the instrumentality of Great Britain.

Not many years since, I saw in the hand-writing of Jefferson, in the Declaration of Independence, drawn up by him (I regret to see that the passage is obliterated in the printed document)—but in that declaration the charge is urged against Great Britain that she brought slavery into the colony, and that she established it there despite of the colonists. And it is true; it is the downright fact. It causes those people to look back with regret to that time when slavery was introduced into the colony, and to look upon it as a temporary evil; one that will pass away before the higher influences of religion and civilization. If you think that none in the Southern States look with humiliation on the slavery existing among them, you err; and it may console you to know that they lament the first error, as they deplore its consequences, as developed in their land, and that there are men and women in the South as handsome, as generous, and as pitying as you yourselves (cheering and applause). 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is to succour cattle in distress. Of the Bible, as an anti-slavery instrumentality, it has made a constant and most powerful use against the pro-slavery interpretations of a time-serving clergy, though not deriving the rights of man from any book, but from his own nature. Of the true Church it has ever spoken with veneration, and vindicated it as animated and controlled by the spirit of impartial liberty, to the exclusion of all tyrants. Of the Gospel it has proclaimed that, in all its doctrines, teachings and examples, it is utterly at war with slavery, and for universal freedom. Of Jesus it has affirmed that he is ever with the down-trodden and oppressed, whose case he has literally made his own, (1) and that he has gloriously vindicated the brotherhood of the human race, to the confusion of all who desecrate the image of God. Its appeals have been unceasingly to the conscience and the heart; it has called to repentance a guilty nation, as the only condition of salvation; it has refused to compromise with sin.

If, therefore, Abolitionism be an infidel movement, it is so only in the sense in which Jesus was a blasphemer, and the Apostles were "pestilent and seditious fellows, seeking to turn the world upside down." It is infidel to Satan, the enslaver; it is loyal to Christ, the redeemer. It is infidel to a Gospel which makes man the property of man; it is bound up with the Gospel which requires us to love our neighbours as ourselves, and to call no man master. It is infidel to a Church which receives to its communion the "traffickers in slaves and the souls of men"; it is loyal to the Church which is not stained with blood, nor polluted by oppression. It is infidel to the Bible as a pro-slavery interpreted volume; it is faithful to it as construed on the side of justice and humanity. It is infidel to a Sabbath on which it is hypocritically pronounced unlawful to extricate the millions who lie bound and bleeding in the pit of slavery; it is true to the Sabbath on which it is well-pleasing to God to bind up the broken-hearted, and to let the oppressed go free. It is infidel to all blood-stained compromises, sinful concessions, unholy compacts, respecting the system of slavery; it is devotedly attached to whatever is honest, straight-forward, invincible for the right. No reformatory struggle has ever erected a higher moral standard, or more disinterestedly pursued its object, or more unfalteringly walked by faith, or more confidingly trusted in the living God for succour [illegible] victory at last. At the jubilee, its vindication shall be triumphant and universal.

(1) See Matthew, 25th chapter.

## *FOREFATHERS' DAY AT PLYMOUTH.*

### ORATION BY W. H. SEWARD.

[Hon. Wm. H. Seward delivered the Oration before the Pilgrim Society at Plymouth, on Friday the 21st inst. His subject was, *The Leading Principle of the Puritans*, as illustrated by their history. That principle was declared to be this, viz: "That the subject in every State has a natural right to religious liberty of conscience." Mr. Seward opens with some striking observations upon the slow, though sure, progress of political and social reforms, and the general tendency to undervalue the labours of those who save the State from convulsions and prepare the way for peaceful and beneficent changes by the patience with which they promulgate fundamental truths and the boldness with which they withstand the exactions of tyranny. He states with great distinctness the questions upon which the Puritans took issue with the Church and the State after the *Compromise* between Liberty and Despotism under Elizabeth. Of that Compromise and its failure he speaks as follows:]

Elizabeth reinstated the Reformation, but renewed the personal claim to spiritual supremacy. The people resisted all these ecclesiastical usurpations of the Tudors, and they, in retaliation, boldly attempted to subvert the constitutional authority of Parliament. Elizabeth, under the advice of sagacious statesmen, and supported by temporizing churchmen, resorted to the favourite expedient of politicians—compromise. Compromise is a feasible and often a necessary mode of adjusting conflicting material interests, but can never justly or wisely be extended to the subversion of the natural rights or the moral duties of subjects or citizens. Even where a compromise is proper in itself, it derives all its strength from the fair and full consent of all the parties whom it binds. Elizabeth caused the Roman Catholic creed, discipline and ritual to be revised and altogether recast, under the direction of leaders of some of the conflicting sects; and thus a new system was produced, which, as was claimed, stood midway between the uncompromising Church of Rome and equally uncompromising latitudinarian Protestantism. The new system was established by law, and a hierarchy was appointed by the crown, to whose care it was committed. Absolute and even active conformity was commanded, to be enforced by pains and penalties in special and unconstitutional tribunals acting without appeal and in derogation of the common law. The new system, whatever might be its religious and ecclesiastical harmony with the Divine precepts, was, in its civil aspects, a mere political institution. It was offensive and odious to a zealous people who, though divided into opposing sects, agreed in regarding the political authority assumed by the State as a sacrilegious usurpation. The friends of civil liberty also condemned it as a turning of the batteries that had been won from the Roman See, in the name of Liberty, against the very fortress of Liberty itself. Nevertheless, a portion of the clergy, who had now become dependent on the State, members of the privileged classes, always disinclined to political agitation, placemen and waiters for places, the timid, the venal, and the frivolous, easily gave in their adhesion, and the compromise daily gained wider acquiescence, through the appliances of political seduction, proscription and persecution. The Church of England was built on that compromise. Incorporated into the Constitution with such auxiliary political powers, it must necessarily augment the influence of the throne, and be subversive equally of the civil and religious liberties of the people.

A conservative power—a new conservative power—was necessary to prevent the fatal consummation. That power appeared in the form of a body of obscure religious sectaries—men of monastical devoutness, yet retaining the habits of domestic and social life; simple but not unlearned; unambitious; neither rich enough to forget their God, nor yet poor enough to debase their souls; content with mechanical and agricultural occupations in villages and rural districts, yet conscious of the liberty with which Christ had made them free, and therefore bold enough to confront ecclesiastical and even royal authority in the capital. Serious as became their religious profession, they grew, under persecution, to be grave, formal and austere. Chosen emissaries of God, as they believed, they willingly became outcasts among men. Divinely constituted depositaries of pure and abounding truth, as they thought, they announced, as their own rule of conduct, that no article of faith, no exercise of ecclesiastical authority, no rule of discipline, and not even a shred of ceremonial or sacrament, should be accepted, unless sanctioned by direct warrant from the Scriptures as interpreted by themselves, in the free exercise of their own consciences, illuminated by the Holy Spirit. God, although a benevolent Father, was yet, as they believed, jealous toward disobedience of His revealed will, and would punish conscious neglect of its commandments. These were the Puritans. They came into the world to save it from despotism; and the world comprehended them not. They refused to acquiesce in the compromise, because it involved a surrender of natural rights, and a violation of principles of duty toward God. Nevertheless, they were true Christians, and therefore they declined to set up their own convictions as a standard for others who subscribed to the Christian faith, and freely allowed to all their fellow-subjects the same broad religious liberty which they claimed for themselves. They persisted in nonconformity. The more hardly pressed, the more firmly they persisted. The more firm their persistence, the more severe and unrelenting was the persecution they endured. More than a hundred years virtually outlawed as citizens and subjects, and outcasts from the established Church, the Puritans bore unflinchingly their unwavering testimony against the compromise, before magistrates and councils, in the pillory, under stripes, in marches, in camps, in prison, in flight, in exile, among licentious soldiery and dissolute companions in neighbouring lands; on the broad and then unexplored ocean, when the mariners lost their reckoning, and the ship's supplies became scanty and her seams opened to the waves; on unknown coasts, homeless, houseless, and famishing; in the leafless forest, surrounded by ice and snow, fearful of savage beasts and confronting savage men. The compromise policy failed. Civil and religious liberty was not overborne; it rose erect; it triumphed; it is still gaining new and wider and more enduring triumphs; and tyrants have read anew the lesson, so often wasted upon them before, that where mankind stand upon their convictions of moral right and duty, in disobedience to civil authority, there is no middle course of dealing with them, between the persecution that exterminates, and the toleration that satisfies. The Puritans were not exterminated, they were not satisfied.

The Puritans thus persisted and prevailed, because they had adopted one true, singular, and sublime principle of civil conduct, namely: that the subject in every State has a natural right to religious liberty of conscience. They knew too well the weakness of human guaranties of civil liberty and the frailties of civil barriers against tyranny. They therefore did not affect to derive the right of toleration from the common law, or the statutes of the realm, or Magna Charta, or even from that imaginary contest between the sovereign and the subject which some publicists had about that time invented as a basis for civil rights. They resorted directly to a law, broader, older and more stable than all these—a law universal in its application and in its obligation, established by the Creator and Judge of all men, and therefore paramount to all human constitutions. Algernon Sidney, Locke, and Bacon, and even Hooker—chosen and ablest champion of the Church of England—demonstrated the existence of this law, deriving the evidences of it, and of its universal nature and application, from natural and revealed religion, in the high debates of the seventeenth century. Blackstone, Vattel and Montesquieu have built upon it their respective systems of municipal law, public law and government; and our own Congress of 1776 sank into the same enduring foundation the corner-stone of this vast and towering structure of American freedom. The Puritans could therefore lay no claim to the discovery of this great principle or to the promulgation of it. But the distinguished glory of having first reduced it from speculation to actual and effective application, as a conventional rule of political conduct, is all their own.

This great principle was not only a disturbing, but it was also an offensive and annoying one. It was an appeal from the highest sovereign power in the State to a sovereign power still higher, and therefore was thought seditious. It of course encountered then the same ingenious sophistry which, although often overthrown, has not even yet been silenced. It was argued that if individual conscience may rightly refuse to acquiesce in the results of the general conviction collected by the State and established as law, it may also rightfully resist the law by force, which would produce disorder and lead to anarchy. It was argued, also, that insomuch as civil government is of divine appointment, it must be competent to act as an arbiter between conflicting consciences, and that implicit obedience to its decrees, as such arbiter, is therefore a religious duty. As might well have been foreseen, there arose on the side of the Puritans, contestants worthy of the majestic principle they defended, contestants whose voices, then silenced by persecution or drowned by public clamour, have reached this more congenial age, and are now giving form and condensation to the whole science of political ethics. Not again recalling the names of Locke and Sidney, there was Edwards, profoundest metaphysician of all ages, and Milton, always discontented and distrusted among men, but familiar with angels and learned in the counsels of Heaven. It was their sufficient reply, that enlightened and unsanctified consciences, and that consciences illuminated and purified cannot be perverted to error; that God has delegated to no human tribunal authority to interfere between Himself and the monitor which He has implanted in the bosom of every moral being, and which is responsible to its Author alone; and that the boundaries of human authority are the boundaries of eternal justice, ascertained by the teachings of that monitor which, where it is free and fully awakened, must always be the same. They answered further and with decisive energy, that traditions and compacts subversive of freedom were altogether void, because the masses of men living at one time in a State must always have supreme control over their own conduct, in all that concerns their duty to God and their own happiness.

[Mr. Seward proceeds to consider the scope and full import of the Puritan Principle, and asserts that it necessarily includes the inviolability of all the acknowledged natural rights of man, as well those which concern his duty to himself and his duty to others, as those which arise out of his direct duties toward God; involves the political equality of all men, without exception; draws closely after it the consequence of an absolute separation of Church and State; and that its full and perfect development is the pure system of Republican government. He concludes as follows:]

It is a law of human progress, that no work or structure proceeding from human hands shall come forth complete and perfect. Improvement, at the cost of labour and of trial, and even suffering—endless improvement, at such cost, is the discipline of human nature.

What, then, shall be the rule of our own conduct? Shall we grasp and hold fast to existing constitutions, with all their defects and deficiencies, and save them from needed amendment, or shall we amend and complete them, and so prevent reactions, and the need of sanguinary revolutions? Shall we compromise the principles of justice, freedom and humanity, by compliances with the counsels of interested cupidity or slavish fear, or shall we "stand fast" always in their defense? I know no better counsel than that of the Puritans. Indeed, I know none other that is safe, or even safe. Nor can even that great rule be followed successfully without adopting their own noble temper and spirit. They were faithful, patient and persevering. They forgot themselves and their own immediate interests and ambition, and laboured and suffered, that after coming generations, among which we belong, might be safer and freer and happier than themselves. It can never be too well understood that the generations of men, in moral and political culture, sow and plant for their successors. "Let it not be grievous to you," said Bradford, the meek but brave and constant leader, to the small and forlorn Pilgrim commonwealth, that he was landing on this rock in mid Winter—"Let it not be grievous to you that you have been made instruments to break the ice for others. The honour shall be yours to the world's end." Such was the only worldly encouragement the truthful founder of the Plymouth Colony could give to his guileless comrades. Happily, the Pilgrims needed no other.

It is a familiar law of nature, that whatever grows rapidly also declines speedily. Time and trial are necessary to secure the full vigour, without which no enterprise can endure. It was only by long, perilous and painful endurance and controversy, that the Puritans acquired the discipline which, without consciousness of their own, qualified them to be the leaders of the nations.

Need I add that, there can be neither great deeds nor great endurance without faith; and that true, firm, enduring faith can only be found in generous and noble minds. The true reformer, therefore, must calculate on frequent and ever recurring treacheries and desertions by allies, such as Milton graphically describes:

"Another sort there is, who, coming in the course of these affairs to have their share in great actions above the form of law or custom, at least to give their voice and approbation, begin to swerve and almost shiver at the majesty and grandeur of some noble deed; as if they were newly entered into a great sin, disputing precedents, forms and circumstances, when the commonwealth nigh perishes for want of deeds in substance done with just and faithful expedition. To these I wish better instruction and virtue equal to their calling."

Nor will all these qualities suffice, without discretion and gentleness, as well as firmness of temper. The courageous reformer will shrink from no controversy, when the field is open, the battle is set, and the lists are fair. But, on the other hand, he will neither make nor seek occasions for activity; and he will be always unimpassioned. Truth is not aggressive; but, like the Christian religion, is first pure, then peaceable. Nor need the reformer fear that occasions for duty will be wanting. Error and injustice never fail to provoke contest; because, if unalarmed, they are overbearing and insolent: if alarmed, they are rash, passionate and reckless.

The question occurs, Whence shall come the faith, the energy, the patient perseverance and the moderation, which are so indispensable? I answer, that all these will be derived from just conceptions of the great object of political action. It was so with the Puritans. Their fixed purpose to retain the right of conscience, fully comprehended by them, extinguished selfishness and ambition, and called into activity in their places the fear of God and the love of man. Let them explain themselves:

"Knowing, therefore, how horrible a thing it is to fall into the hands of the living God, by doing that which our consciences (grounded upon the truths of God's Word and the example and doctrine of ancient fathers) do tell us were evil done, and to the great discrediting of the truth whereof we profess to be teachers, we have thought good to yield ourselves into the hands of men; to suffer whatsoever God hath appointed us to suffer, for the perfecting of the commandments of God, and a clean conscience before the commandments of men. Not despising men, therefore, but trusting in God only, we seek to serve him with a clear conscience so long as we shall live here, assuring ourselves that the things that we shall suffer for so doing shall be a testimony to the world that great reward is laid up for us in heaven, where we doubt not but to rest forever with those that have before our days suffered for the like."

Contrast these sentiments, so profoundly self-renouncing and reverential of God, with the blasphemous egotism of the French revolutionists of 1798, and contrast also the slowly formed and slowly maturing, but always multiplying and ripening fruits of the Puritan reformation, with the blasted and shriveled benefits of that other great modern convulsion, and you have an instructive and memorable lesson upon the elevation and purity of spirit which alone can advance human progress.

Increase of wealth and commerce, and the enlargement of empire, are not truly primary objects of the American patriot. These are, indeed, worthy of his efforts. But the first object is the preservation of the spirit of Freedom, which is the soul of the Republic itself. Let that become languid, and the Republic itself must languish and decline. Let it become extinct, and the Republic must disastrously fall. Let it be preserved and invigorated, and the Republic will spread wider and wider, and its noble institutions will tower higher and higher. Let it fall, and so its example fail, and the nations will retrograde. Let it endure, and the world will yet be free, virtuous and happy. Hitherto, nations have raised monuments to survive liberty and empire. And they have been successful. Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Italy, are full of these monuments. Let our ambition be the nobler one of establishing Liberty and Empire, which shall survive the most stupendous material structures which genius can devise, or art erect, with all the facilities of increasing knowledge and public wealth.

Here my reflections on a subject infinitely suggestive come to an end. They will not be altogether fruitless if I have been at all successful in illustrating the truths that continual meliorations of society and government are not only possible, but certain; that human progress is slow, because it is only the unfolding of the Divine providence concerning man; that the task of directing and aiding that progress is rendered the most difficult of all our labours, by reason of our imperfect knowledge of the motives and principles of human conduct, and of countless unforeseen objects to be encountered; that this progress, nevertheless, must and will go on, whether favoured or resisted; that it will go on peacefully if wisely favoured, and through violence if unwisely resisted; that neither stability, nor even safety, can be enjoyed by any State, otherwise than by rendering exact justice, which is nothing else than pure equality, to all its members; that the martial heroism, which, invoked after too long passiveness under oppression and misrule, sometimes achieves the deliverance of States, is worthy of all the honour it receives; but that the real authors of all benign revolutions are those who search out and seek to remove peacefully the roots of social and political evils, and so avert the necessity for sanguinary remedies; that the Puritans of England and America have given the highest and most beneficent illustration of that conservative heroism which the world has yet witnessed; that they have done this by the adoption of a single true and noble principle of conduct, and by patient and parsevering fidelity to it; that they thus overcame a demoralizing political and social reaction, and gave a new and powerful impulse to human progress; that tyranny is deceitful and mankind are credulous, and that, therefore, political compromises are more dangerous to liberty than open usurpation; that the Puritan principle, which was so sublime and so effective, was nothing else than the truth that men retain in every State all the natural rights which are essential to the performance of personal, social and religious duties; that the principle includes the absolute equality of all men, and, therefore, tends to a complete development in pure Republican systems; that it has already modified the institutions of Europe, while it has brought into existence Republican systems, more or less perfect, throughout the American Continent, and is fixing and shaping such institutions wherever civilization is found; that hinderances, delays and reactions of political progress are, nevertheless, unavoidable, but that they also have corresponding benefits; that it is our duty to labour to advance that progress, chiefly by faith, constancy and perseverance — virtue which can only be acquired by self-renunciation, and by yielding to the motives of the fear of God and the love of mankind.

Come forward then, ye Nations, States and Races—rude, savage, oppressed and despised—enslaved, or naturally warring among yourselves, as ye are—upon whom the morning star of civilization hath either not yet dawned or hath only dimly broken amid clouds and storms, and receive the assurance that its shining shall yet be complete, and its light be poured down on all alike. Receive our pledges that we will wait and watch and strive for the fullness of that light, by the exercise of faith, with patience and perseverance. And ye reverend men, whose precious dust is beneath our unworthy feet, pilgrims and sojourners in this vale of tears no longer, but kings and princes now at the right hand of the throne of the God you served so faithfully when on the earth—gather yourselves, immortal and awful shades, around us, and witness, not the useless honours we pay to your memories, but our resolves of fidelity to truth, duty and freedom, which arise out of the contemplation of the beneficent operation of your own great principle of conduct, and the ever-widening influence of your holy teachings and godlike example.

## WENDELL PHILLIPS AT THE PILGRIM DINNER.

[Among the invited guests at the Dinner of the Pilgrim Society, which followed the services at the Church, was Wendell Phillips. The President having read the following toast—viz.: "*The Pilgrim Fathers*—Their fidelity, amid hardships and perils, to truth and duty has secured to their descendants prosperity and peace"—Mr. Phillips was called upon to respond; which he did in the following speech, for the report of which we are indebted to the Boston *Bee*.]

Mr. President: I know that history tells us that the Pilgrims at this season of the year were very hungry, almost starving, but certainly their descendants must be far more insatiable than they were, if at this period of the day they can ask for any more. It seems to me we are in the condition of that man whom Oliver Wendell Holmes describes in one of his lectures. You know he says that all the lyceum lecturers held a meeting, and they found, as a matter of universal experience, that at a certain period in every lecture, a man went out, and they assigned various reasons for it. One thought it was business, another the heat, and a third thought that it was some offensive sentiment uttered by the speaker. But Holmes, being a physician, performed an autopsy, and found the man was *full* (loud laughter and applause). Now, sir, I certainly think I may claim that reason for sitting down.

Why, who shall say anything after all we have heard? Do you not remember, sir, when we were little boys, and followed the martial music until our steps kept time, street after street, till we came to some broad way that our fears of our mothers forbade us to enter; and when the music turned away our tiny feet kept time long afterwards. Can we get away from the spell that took possession of us in yonder church? I can think of no thing but in that channel. Who can get away his mind from the deep resounding march with which he carried us from century to century, and held up the torch and pointed out the significance of each step? All we could do would be to utter some little suggestion—something suggested by that train of thought.

How true it is that the Puritans originated nothing. How true it is also, Mr. President, that it is not truth that agitates the world. When Plato went into the Academy, he sounded on and on to the utmost depth of philosophy, but Athens was quiet. He called around him the choicest minds of Greece and pointed out the worthlessness of their altars and the sham of public life, and Athens was quiet—it was all *speculation*. But Socrates took the thought from him and marched out into the streets of Athens. It was *action*, and immediately they gave him hemlock, for the city was turned upside down. What the Puritans gave the world was not thought, but action. Europe had ideas, but she was letting "I dare not, wait upon I would," like the cat in the adage. But the Puritan, with native pluck, launched out into the deep sea. They had been creeping along the Mediterranean, from head-land to head-land, in their timidity; the Pilgrims launched boldly out into the Atlantic and trusted God (applause). That is the claim they have upon posterity. It was *action* that made them what they were

No, they did not originate anything, but they planted; and the answer to all criticism upon them is to be—the oak (cheers). The Edinburgh reviewer takes up the acorn, the Mayflower, and says: "I do not see stalwart branches, I do not see a noble tree here." Mr. President, we are to show it to him. The glory of the fathers is the children. My friend, Mr. Winthrop (if he allows me to call him so), says the pens of the Puritans are their best defence. No, the Winthrops of to-day are to be the best defence of the Winthrops of 1620; they are to write that defence in the broad, legible steps of a life whose polar star is duty, and whose allegiance is to justice (enthusiastic applause). The glory of all men is not what they actually produce so much as what they enable others to do. My Lord Bacon, as he takes his proud march down the centuries, may lay one hand on the telegraph and the other on the steamboat and say, "These are mine, for I taught you to invent." And the Puritan, wherever he finds a free altar, free lips, aye, and a free family, may say, "These are mine"; no matter for the stain of bigotry that rests on his memory, for he taught us these.

I think, Mr. President, the error in judging of the Puritans has been that which the oration of to-day sets right. We are to regard them in *posse*, not in *esse*—in the possibilities that were wrapped up in this day 1620, not in what poor human bodies produced at that time. Men look back upon the Carvers and Bradfords of 1620, and seem to think if they existed in 1855, they would be clad in the same garments and walking in the light of the same identical manner and habit that they did in 1620. They mistake. The Pilgrims of 1855 would be, not at Plymouth but in Kansas (loud cheers). Solomon's temple, they tell us, had the best system of lightning rods that was ever invented—he anticipated Franklin. Do you suppose if Solomon lived now, he would stop at lightning conductors? No, he would have telegraphs without wires where only he who sent and him who received should know what the messages were.

Do you suppose that if Elder Brewster could come up from his grave to-day, he would be contented with the Congregational church and the five points of Calvin? No, sir, he would add to his creed the Maine Liquor Law, the Underground Railroad, and the thousand Sharp's rifles addressed "Kansas" and labelled "Books" (enthusiastic and long-continued applause). My idea is, if he took his staff in his hand and went off to exchange pulpits, you might hear of him at the Music Hall in Boston, and the Pilgrim Church at Brooklyn (renewed applause.)

We should bear in mind development when we criticise the Pilgrims—where they would be to-day. I do not acknowledge, sir, the right of Plymouth to the whole rock. No; the whole rock underlies America. It only crops out here (cheers). It has cropped out a great many times in our history. You may recognise it always. It cropped out, and old Putnam stood upon it when he said to the Yankee boys—"Don't fire until you can see the white of their eyes." Ingraham had it for ballast when he put his little sloop between two Austrian frigates and threatened to blow them out of the water, if they did not respect the broad eagle of the United States, in the case of Kosta. Jefferson had it for a writing desk when he drafted the Declaration of Independence, and the "Statutes of Liberty" for Virginia. Lovejoy rested his musket upon it, when they would not let him print at Alton, and he said, "Death or free speech?" I recognised the clink of it to-day, when the apostle of the "Higher Law" came to lay his garland of evergreens—none a better right than he—upon the monument of the Pilgrims (enthusiastic cheers). He says he is not a descendant from the Pilgrims. That is a mistake. There is a pedigree of the body and a pedigree of the mind (applause). He knows so much of the Mayflower, that, as they say in Illinois, I know he was "*thar*" (laughter and applause). Aye, sir, the rock cropped out again. Garrison had it for an imposing stone, when he looked in the faces of seventeen millions of angry men and said, "I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard" (great cheering).

Sir, you say you are going to raise a monument to the Pilgrims. I know where I would place it if I had a voice. I should place one corner-stone on the rock, and the other on that level spot where fifty of the one hundred were buried before the winter was over. In that touching, eloquent, terrific picture of what the Pilgrims passed through rather than submit to compromise, the orator omitted to mention that one half of their number went down into the grave, but the remainder closed up shoulder to shoulder as firm and unflinching as ever. Yes, *death* rather than the compromise of Elizabeth (loud applause).

What did they do? Why, sir, it was a great question. Cromwell and Hampden stood on one side; Carver and Bradford on the other. Which could best reform the English government, staying in or going out? History answers which did the most. Which has struck the strongest blows at the English aristocracy, the effort of those who stood nearest, or the colossal strength of America, as she loomed up in gigantic proportions? Mr. President, they say that once Michael Angelo entered a palace at Rome where Raphael, concealed from him, was ornamenting the ceiling, and as Angelo walked around, he saw that all the figures were too small for the room, and he stood on one side and drafted an immense head proportioned to the room; and when his friends asked him why, his reply was, "I criticise by creation, not by finding fault."

Carver and Bradford did so. They came across the water and created a great moral State, and bade England take warning. The Edinburgh reviewer criticises the Puritans—where does he get his yard-stick? He gets it from the very institutions they made for him (applause). He would never have known how to criticise if their creation had not told him. I would write on their monument two mottoes, one "The right is more than our country!" And over the graves of the fifty, "Death rather than compromise." Mr. President, I detest that word. It is so dangerous I would not have it even in matters of expediency. As the Irishman said in Jefferson's day, when the "true-blue" Democrats took him from the emigrant ship and hurried him to the swearing booth, and from thence to the ballot-box, and told him to vote the true Democratic government ticket, "The government! I never knew a government that was not the devil. Give me an opposition ballot." So I would never have a compromise for anything, for fear of going wrong.

Mr. President, I have already detained you much longer than I would. I think to-day the Puritans have received their fit interpreter. We know them. Their great principles we are to carry with us; that one idea, persistency—that was their polar star, and is the key to all their history. They never lost sight of it. They sometimes talked for Buncombe; they did it when they professed allegiance to Elizabeth (laughter). Our fathers did it when they talked so kindly to George the Third—it was only for Buncombe (renewed laughter). But concealed under the velvet phrase, there was the stern Puritan muscle that held on to individual right.

My friend, Gov. Boutwell, says the Puritans had no taste for architecture. I remember the first vote passed after they landed. It was that each man build his own house (cheers). I am for having each man build his own mental house now, without having too much uniformity in the architecture, and at any rate keeping clear of compromises and smothered phrases and all shams and delusions.

On this principle of the sacredness of man I think the distinction between Europe and Plymouth Rock is, they established a civilization which, like that of Greece, made the State everything, the Man nothing. The Man was made for the Institution; the man was made for the clothes. The Puritans said, "No, let us go out and make clothes for the man; let us make institutions for men"; that is the radical principle, it seems to me, that runs through all their history. You might beguile them with the voice of the charmer, "charm he never so wisely"; but down through all the weary years of colonial history to the period of the Revolution, the Puritan pulse beat in unquailing, never-faltering allegiance to this principle of the sacredness of man. Let us hold on to it; it is to be our salvation.

Mr. President, the toast to which you called upon me to respond, says our fathers have secured prosperity and peace. Yes, "secured" it. It is not here; we have not yet got it, but we shall have it. It is all "secured," for they planted so wisely, it will come. They planted their oak or pine tree in the broad lines of New England and gave it room to grow. There is a class among us so conservative that they are afraid the roof will come down if you sweep off the cobwebs. As Douglass Jerrold says—"They can never fully relish the new moon, out of veneration for that noble institution, the old one" (great merriment and applause).

Why, Sir, the first Constitution ever made was framed in the Mayflower. It was a very good Constitution, parent of all that have been made since—a goodly company, some bad ones and some good. The parent was laid aside on the shelf the moment the progress of things required it. I hope none of the children have grown so strong that they can prevent the same fate befalling themselves when necessity requires. Hold on to that idea with true New England persistency—the sacredness of individual man—and everything else will revolve around it. The Phillipses, Mr. President, did not come from Plymouth, they made their longest stay at Andover. I will tell you an Andover story. They say that one day a man went into a store and began telling about a fire. "There never had been such a fire," he said, "in the County of Essex. A man was going by Squire Fettengill's barn, and saw an owl on the ridge-pole. He fired at the owl, and the wadding some how or other getting inside the barn, set the hay on fire, and it was all destroyed—ten ton of hay, six head of cattle, the finest horse in the country." The Squire was nearly crazed by it. The men in the store began exclaiming and commenting upon it. "What a loss," says one. "Why, the 'Squire will well nigh break down under it," says another. And so they went on, until a quiet man, who sat spitting in the fire, looked up, and said he: "Did he hit that owl?" (Tumultuous applause.)

No matter where they carry it; no matter what the name of the thing be; no matter what the sounding phrase is, what the tub to the whale, always ask the politician and the divine, "Did he hit that owl?" Go back to the 1620 from which we started. They say, sir, I am a fanatic, and so I am. But, sir, we have not yet risen high enough. Afar off I see Carver and Bradford, and I mean to get up to them (loud cheers).


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1855.


## *IS THE MORALITY OF SLAVEHOLDING DEBATEABLE?*

There are certain propositions which, for the sake of maintaining the healthy condition of our own minds, it is best not to debate. Mr. Garrison acted wisely and well, when he refused to enter the lists as a disputant with Toombs, Wise and Atchison to discuss the ethics of slavery. If the common sense of the world has not settled, for these many centuries, the question of the moral propriety of one man's making a brute and a tool of another, then nothing is settled. If the conscience and reason of slaveholders themselves have not sufficiently indicated, in a thousand forms, their instinctive judgment against the soul murder, which the successful maintenance of the authority of a slave master involves and requires, then there is no conscience and reason left to be the arbiters in such high debate; but the madness and hardness of utter reprobation has carried them beyond the reach of logic and expostulation.

It is not argument that the slaveholders and their Northern abettors need, but *denunciation;* because it is not a mistaken opinion, out of which they are to be persuaded, but a torpid and asphixied moral sense to be roused by sharp and irritant rebuke. To argue in the premises is the grossest misconception of the whole subject, a mistake which no cogency of reasoning can retrieve. While the Christian sentiment of this country stood meekly arguing for fifty years against the righteousness of slavery, slavery grew and flourished, added new territories to its domains, new millions to its victims. When Garrison and his compeers thundered forth their terrible denunciation against it, it began to reel and stagger to its fall. It was not that he brought to the discussion any new arguments, but because he gave expression in fit language to the instinctive reprehension of the enlightened human soul against such a monstrosity of cruelty and wickedness. It was not a more able essay of an old experiment, it was the inauguration of a new method. Hence its effectiveness. It gave birth to the anti-slavery spirit that has, at length, almost marshalled the slow masses of the North into face-to-face contest with slavery, and while various organizations, political and ecclesiastical, are feebly struggling to accomplish its purposes, and various influences, literary and social, are partially interpreting its principles, this holy faith in freedom rallies the broken organizations after their defeat into more powerful combinations, and becomes the central fire that gives warmth and life to the whole movement.

There has been a great deal of *namby pamby* appreciation of the terms in which the primitive Abolitionists have clothed their rebukes. This has been even widely indulged in by persons whose opposition to the iniquity of slaveholding is sincere, and whose influence against it has been consistent. When the slaveholders have been called robbers, man-thieves, pirates, and the societies of slaveholders, calling themselves Christians, have been denominated "*Brotherhoods of Thieves*," conservative listeners have been shocked. Quiet people have turned pale with reprehension and swung themselves out of churches, slamming pew-doors. Weak brethren have turned back and walked no more with their uncompromising leaders. The use of such language has been imputed to anger, and considered to be, at the very mildest, in the worst possible taste. "Injudicious, fatally injudicious!" have exclaimed many well-meaning members of churches; "no man was ever converted by denunciation," &c., &c., to the end of the chapter.

Now, whether the Abolitionists have spoken in anger or not is very little to the purpose. If they were angry, it is an anger which is very becoming to them, and very honourable to our common nature. It is so righteous an anger that the sun might well be allowed to go down upon it many times. But while the Abolitionists have been inveighed against as irate, even to the verge of fanaticism, *they* have only been perplexed because the language was so feeble in epithets, with which fully to describe their indignation against the crimes of slavery, that kindred crimes, from which they have sometimes ventured to borrow figures of speech, were tame and white beside the fierce and dark enormity. They have been annoyed, that having called a man a *slaveholder*, such had been the debasement of the popular conscience, that it was necessary to prefix adjectives to make the word abhorrent, or go into a course of argument to refute the phantasy, that such a man could be a Christian. For such has been the corruption which the sorcery of slavery has brought about, that the term itself has lost its natural repulsiveness, and *slaveholder* is almost as innocent as merchant, guardian, landlord, or any other name of one of the regular and usual offices in civil society—the quality to be known from some adjective, as *kind* slaveholder, or *cruel* slaveholder, and not from the character itself. The Abolitionist has been equally embarrassed in drawing figures of illustration from other human crimes. *Rascal* and *scoundrel* he dismisses as too indefinite, too much hackneyed and softened down by the everyday objurgations of the street. Your rascal and even your scoundrel is but a pitiful and occasional rogue, when compared to the enterprising and stalwart sinner who makes a man a slave. It is infinitely more damaging to a human soul to be a slaveholder, than to be a well-developed rascal or scoundrel. *Thief* is decidedly weak. A man becomes a thief only upon a single depredation of a suit of old clothes. It is sheer *bathos* to help out one's conception of the enormity of making larceny of the *man* the suit of clothes envelopes, and of keeping it up, every morning, for fifty years, by calling such a man a *thief*. The epithet softens the accusation amazingly. *Pirate* is better, but no good rhetorician or accurate thinker would use even that, though it is Mr. Gerrit Smith's favourite illustration. The pirate only murders because murder is necessary to consummate and secure the plunder of his victims, we may even fancy him doing it with considerable repugnance and poignancy of conscience—the slaveholder never stops at murder when the plunder of a man's person is imperilled by his own *fugitiveness* or the interference of an Abolitionist. Beyond this the comparison breaks down with intrinsic imbecility. Civilized people in Christian countries do not commit piracy. They do not say family prayers over piracy. They do not make it offensive to the very devil, by the cant and drivel of piety. Besides, they do not train their children up to it and provide for its perpetuity in their wills; but all who do not get hung, shot or drowned, in the cause, seasonably repent.

*Murderer* is more graphic, because the conception of one great act of crime is more distinct and impressive than a series of greater crimes running through a whole life or interwoven in a *status* of society. Thus when Dr. Webster murdered Dr. Parkman, the whole land was shocked and demanded his execution; but when Louis Napoleon murdered the French republicans, it only had the character of a rather rigorous stroke of state, which vindicated the resolution and sagacity of the man who did it.

But *slaveholder* is in itself, of all terms, the most offensive and degrading; and it is probable that, in all coming time, no parricide will arise to "soil the addition" of the "Father of his Country," as Judge Sprague once did, in Faneuil Hall, when, pointing to the portrait of Washington, he exclaimed, "*That slaveholder.*"

As to the good taste of these denunciations, that is a question upon which different opinions may be entertained. It does not seem to us to be in bad taste to speak of three hundred thousand rascals in the same terms that you would of one rascal of the same grade. If Frederick Douglass were the only slave in the land, Mr. Thomas Auld would not be treated with greater courtesy by the public at large. It would require no logic to prove him a wicked and dangerous man. Our good taste would lead us rather to spare the small sinners in the minority, and make the big sinners in the majority smart, if we could.

As to how people are converted, the cases on record are so various that we think it may as well be affirmed that no man was ever converted *until he was denounced* as that no man was ever converted by denunciation, and, in the meantime, that it was best to follow the promptings of our own spirits. While slaveholders are fawned upon, courted, mildly and deferentially argued with, they will never believe that we loathe and despise them. The pro-slavery presses have not been so silent, nor pro-slavery ministers and cotton merchants so ardent on the side of oppression, that advocates need be summoned from the South to put us in possession of the views that prevail in that region. This is but another form of that folly which has come to look upon slavery and freedom as two legitimate interests in the State, each to be protected and guaranteed within its legitimate sphere. It puts the dispute between anti-slavery and pro-slavery upon the footing of a mere sectarian discussion about non-essentials—a discussion in which it is only ill-mannered to be in earnest, or to lay aside the forms of courtesy and charity. To reduce human beings to cattle is a practice peculiar to tropical regions, and which men engaged in the culture of sugar and cotton naturally fall into. Not to do so is a hyperborean prejudice, a mean economy, peculiar to high latitudes and poor soils. The greater part of our distinguished statesmen look upon the matter thus. Mr. Webster really never got a deeper insight than this of the anti-slavery theory.

Every speech in Congress, every pamphlet, every clerical letter, in support of slavery, discloses this arrant absurdity. Have *you* your free institutions in peace, and give *us* our slavery. Let justice be counterbalanced by injustice—righteousness and wickedness be compromised. Let not God over-reach and monopolize, but fairly divide his kingdom with the devil.

To debate such propositions, to entertain them but with abhorrence, is to tamper with human reason and solicit insanity. Let them be debated in Bedlam, not outside of it. Thank Heaven, there are a few sane men of clear heads and sound hearts, who cannot be seduced to hold parley with the enemies of the rights of the human race, but take refuge in the wiser philosophy of the ancient precept—*Resist the devil and he will flee from you.* There are melancholy instances enough at the North of men whom much learning hath made mad, and whose madness has developed itself in this very form—men who, like Dr. Lord, Dr. Spring, Dr. Stuart, have settled down into the dreary atheism of holding that God is the author and sustainer of the devilish villanies of American slavery—men who have read, and quibbled, and stuck in the bark of literal interpretation, and swayed to the comity of pious-seeming rascality, till insanity

## FILLIBUSTERS DETECTED.

THE steamer Northern Light, of the Nicaragua line, while on her way out of this port, on Monday last, with passengers and freight for San Juan de Nicaragua, was compelled by the United States authorities to return and anchor near the Battery. The District Attorney, in obedience to orders from Washington, had forbidden the steamer's departure on the ground that she had on board a fillibustering expedition for Nicaragua, but she disregarded the order, and started down the bay, with the U. S. officers on board, when the revenue cutter Washington was sent after her. She did not stop until a ball sent across her bows from the revenue cutter convinced the captain that discretion was the better part of valour. The *Express* of Monday evening said:

"Our reporter was informed by one of the persons on board, named Carrol, and a party to the arrangements, that he, with others, numbering 350, had engaged on Friday night last with Mr. French, and Messrs. Lloyd and Hamerson (Mr. L. is a Nicaragua editor), to go on board the vessel this day at 1 o'clock. Each, on Friday night, was supplied with a peculiar button, and ordered to present it to one of the officers of the ship, after he was in the steamer, which officer would give him a passenger ticket. [The button was a common, round, black, pantaloons button.] Our informant declared that he was going 'for the fun of the thing,' and that they were to receive $25 a month, their board and 350 acres of land, with a good stock of cattle, poultry, farm utensils, &c. At the expiration of six months the farm equipments were to belong to them. The term of enlistment agreed upon was for one year. The products of the farm for the first six months were to be paid over to the Company. Nearly all of the enlisting party were from the First Ward, and almost every one had his bottle of liquor."

*The Tribune* of Wednesday says:

"Yesterday we gave the particulars of the arrest, flight and recapture of the Nicaragua Transit Company's steamer Northern Light. We have since obtained some very important information in regard to the action of the United States Government in this matter. The United States authorities have been furnished with affidavits and documents—which they deem irrefutable—showing that a wide-spread movement has been commenced all along the Atlantic seaboard of the United States to send men and arms to Nicaragua, for the purpose of organizing an army in that State, to descend upon Cuba and San Domingo, and wrest them from their present possessors. After the consummation of this design, the parties interested in the movement propose to unite into one confederacy the State of Nicaragua and such other portions of Central America as may be acquired by conquest or otherwise, Cuba and San Domingo, and either to set up a separate republic or to apply for admission into the American Union as slave States. It is alleged that thousands of the most reckless adventurers in the Atlantic cities have already been enlisted in this movement, and that the ranks of the would-be invaders are daily augmented by extensive accessions from the interior. And it is further alleged that Walker cares not a tittle for Nicaragua, any further than as she may prove serviceable as a gathering point for the invading army. So far as we can learn, this information is supposed to have come into the possession of the United States Government through the treachery of the man who was to have gone out as general of the expedition. How true this may be we have no means of judging; but that this person is said to have revealed the plans of the Cuban Junta—the Junta, by the way, is charged with being at the bottom of the whole affair—that he was visited at his own house in Brooklyn, after midnight, a few nights since, and dragged from his bed by armed ruffians, and no doubt would have been slain had he not seized a timely opportunity to escape from their bowie-knives, is well known.

"About 1 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, a steamboat—the John Burbeck—went alongside of the steamer Northern Light, as she lay at anchor in the North River, under the guns of the cutter Washington and the steamer Vixen, and took off 170 or more persons who had no passage tickets, and according to the statement of the agent of the Transit Company, had no right to be on board. The officers of the Government went on board on Monday afternoon, with warrants for the arrest of Parker H. French, Addison Farnsworth, Geo. B. Hall, Lewis Schlessinger, —— Maloy, —— Dillingham (French's Secretary), on the charge of setting on foot an expedition against, and providing the means for, an invasion of the State of Nicaragua. Schlessinger was arrested, but managed to escape by changing his garments with another person on board, and putting off, unobserved, in a small boat to the Jersey shore. He has not since been arrested. The steamer was left for the night in charge of Capt. Faunce and Lieut. Stanford of the revenue cutter Washington.

"Yesterday morning Mr. Joachimssen, attended by the United States officers, went on board the Northern Light, and examined all the passengers and their tickets. The statements of the passengers were compared with the ship's passenger list, and where discrepancies appeared the parties were held for examination. The questions put to the passengers were mainly with a view to elicit where they got their information in regard to Nicaragua, and of whom; what they paid for passage, and what were the inducements held out to them to proceed thither. About a dozen persons who were found without passage tickets said they had been hired by Mr. Joseph Newton Scott, the agent of the Transit Company at Nicaragua, to work upon the Docks, &c., of the Company. Mr. Scott, on being appealed to, confirmed their statements. Several of these people were, however, ordered to appear at the United States District Attorney's office this morning at 10 o'clock. Messrs. A. J. Morrison and J. Croley were sent on board the cutter Washington yesterday morning, as witnesses, and Messrs. Farnsworth and Hall were placed under arrest, to appear at the office of Mr. McKeon this morning, under suspicion of being leaders in the invading enterprise.

"As might be suppozed, the bona fide passengers of the Northern Light are much incensed at the detention of the steamer, and the officers are extremely anxious to get away. Yesterday none of the cargo was examined, and we understand the whole of it has yet to be broken open, so that it will be at least two days before the steamer can possibly leave. The operation of breaking cargo would have been begun by the United States officers yesterday afternoon, but the Captain, when asked for the manifest—upon which he obtained his Custom House clearance—could not produce it. He showed the manifest of the Express freight, but this was not deemed sufficiently explicit. The bulk of the suspected freight was received from the California Express Company of G. H. Wines & Co. This amounts to 4,900 lbs., and is sworn to consist only of harness and agricultural implements.

"In reference to the persons who left the Northern Light on Monday night, Capt. Tinklepaugh states that the circumstance was by no means unusual. He says it is common for a large number of loafers to crowd on board Californian-bound ships just as they are about to sail, with the intention of hiding themselves, if possible, until the ship is out at sea, to avoid paying fare. In such cases it is usual to search ships at Quarantine or Sandy Hook, and to send all stow-aways ashore at one of those points. In this instance the authorities did not give them time to do so. On the other hand, the United States officers assert that these people had no tickets, but that a private arrangement existed between Mr. Parker H. French and Mr. Joseph L. White, in which the former had agreed to pay $20 or $25 a head for each male passenger to Nicaragua.

"When we went on board yesterday, none of the 'roughs' were visible; but the passengers described those who left during Monday night as the most ruffianly and vile of all the off-scourings of creation. The Captain of the First Ward Police, speaking of them, said that they consisted for the most part of pocket-book droppers, sneak thieves, runners, hackmen and vagabonds of the worst class in the city, and it was a great pity that they were not to be so easily got rid of.

"Warrants were issued yesterday against Capt. Tinklepaugh of the steamer, and Mr. Gilbert Fowler, engineer, charging them with resisting the United States officers, and attempting to take the vessel to sea, and they were arrested by officer Hier, of the United States Court, and held to bail in $20,000 each, Mr. Joseph L. White becoming bound in the requisite sum for their appearance.

"George B. Hall, a passenger, we learn, on board the Northern Light, was also arrested on a charge of violating the neutrality laws of the United States, and held to bail in $2,000. Two other persons were also arrested as witnesses, and held to bail in $500 each. Mr. Alexander Lawrence of the St. Charles Hotel, became the surety for the three latter."

THE following account of an attempt to kidnap a black man, says the Norristown (Pa.) *Olive Branch*, we find in the Philadelphia *Ledger* as an advertisement! That contemptible sheet, taken by so many freemen, will not publish an outrage like this, unless paid for it. Murders, fights, drunkenness, and adultery cases are all woven in as news, but an outrageous attempt to kidnap a coloured man, must appear in that sheet as a paid advertisement. How long will the people of Pennsylvania support such soulless journals?

"*Daring Outrage and Attempt to Kidnap.*—Three men, on the 13th instant, about 7 P.M., tied a black man who was in the employ of John Henderson, near Wilson's Corner, Bensalem Township, Bucks County, and threw him in a wagon, and started off at full speed. They were seen in the act; men on horseback were quickly in pursuit, and after two hours' hard driving, overtook them (a fight took place); the black man was released; the night was dark. While we were untying the black man, they started off with the horses and wagon; we heard a voice say, "Save the wagon and horses—go ahead, boys. We started again after the horses and men, and would have captured them but for a man ahead of the carriage, on horseback, whom we now suppose was one of the gang. He wheeled his horse, rode in between us and the carriage, and fired three pistol shots, one of which killed one of our horses, and another wounded one of our men dangerously, if not fatally. We retreated to the woods, and were pursued and repeatedly fired upon, and the darkness of the night is all that saved our lives. A large reward will be paid for the men and all concerned therein, either directly or indirectly. WM. WILLIAMS,
December 17, 1855. JOHN HENDERSON.

NO SPEAKER.—The triangular contest for Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives had not been decided when we went to press. Mr. Fuller, of Pa., the Know-Nothing candidate, has been compelled to avow himself openly with the South on the Nebraska question, and we expect, eventually, to see the House organized by some sort of coalition between the Nebraska Democrats and the pro-slavery Know-Nothings.

## END OF THE WAR IN KANSAS.

THE forces gathered from Missouri by Gov. Shannon to aid in forcing the Free State party to obey the laws of the bogus Legislature have been disbanded, and the danger of war is for the present averted. The accounts thus far received are mostly from the Atchison party, who have sent abroad the report that the Free State men laid down their arms and agreed to abide by the laws of the so-called Legislature until the question of their validity should be settled by the Courts. This was the story which the Atchison leaders probably found it necessary to invent in order to cover their own retreat. We copy the following from *The Tribune* of a recent date:

"We learn from Mr. J. Willets, who arrived in town yesterday from Lawrence, K. T., which place he left on the 10th inst., that Gov. Shannon had discharged his army of Border Ruffians, who had returned to their homes, and that peace and quiet once more reigned in Kansas. The ruffians were very much exasperated at the Governor when they learned that he had concluded not to use them in an attempt to reduce the people of Kansas to the vassalage of Missouri. They charged his Excellency with perfidy, and threatened to visit him with their very particular vengeance at some future time. The ruffian army, some 1,200 strong, while stationed at Franklin, made prisoners of all who passed that way, either going to or coming from Lawrence, and as a rule robbed their prisoners of such articles of value as they happened to possess. They stopped the United States Mail, made a prisoner of the carrier, and detained him about an hour, when some of the shrewder ones came to the conclusion that they might perhaps get themselves into difficulty with Uncle Sam, so they finally released their prisoner and let him go with the mail to Lawrence; but Mr. J. S. Mott, a passenger in the mail coach or wagon, was detained as a prisoner and robbed of a railroad ticket or pass which he had procured for use in returning to his former home in Michigan. Mr. Mott returned with Mr. Willets.

"Mr. Willets assures us that not more than fifty of the Governor's twelve hundred men were residents of Kansas; but to make a show of regularity, they came across the Missouri line into the Territory (fetching their arms with them, of course), before being enrolled into service. That they were not residents is also evident from the fact that after they had been disbanded by the Governor and had drank up all their whiskey, they took their departure to Missouri at once. They left their camp on the 9th inst.

"Thomas Barber, a worthy citizen residing near Lawrence, and formerly from Gov. Shannon's neighbourhood in Ohio, was killed by Clark, the United States Indian agent, on the 6th inst. Dr. Barber in company with a couple of young men, was riding out on horseback unarmed, when the party were met by Clark, who was in a carriage with Dr. Wood. The party in the carriage fired on the other without provocation, hitting Mr. Barber in the back, and killing him almost instantly. The horse on which one of the young men was mounted was also shot. Clark is said to have boasted of this dastardly act when he reached the ruffian camp, saying that he had killed one d—d Abolitionist, that he saw the wool fly, &c.

"Coleman, the murderer of young Dow, is still at large, and during the invasion was promoted to office in the camp of the marauders. Governor Shannon excuses himself for the ridiculous figure he has been cutting by saying that he did not understand the position of the free State men—in other words the people of Kansas—that the state of things had been grossly misrepresented to him or he never would have issued his proclamation, &c. Perhaps if he had sought information from the people at Lawrence, instead of taking counsel of outlaws and cut-throats, he might have saved himself the mortification of his present position. Our informant is of opinion that had the Governor led his ruffians against the people at Lawrence he would have been badly beaten. They were very well fortified, had a force of about 1,000 strong, with 300 of Sharpe's rifles capable of discharging ten times a minute, and doing execution at a distance of one mile; and from practice it had been demonstrated that there were plenty of men in Lawrence who could hit a mark the size of a man, four times in five minutes, at a distance of half a mile. So had the Missourians marched against Lawrence they would have stood a "right smart chance" of being cut to pieces by the 300 Sharpe's rifles before coming in range of the 700 common rifles.

"The story, extensively circulated in Missouri and the East, that the people of Kansas had receded from their position, as a condition of being let alone, is utterly untrue and without foundation; but the story had to be told as a cover for retreat by the Governor and his party. Indeed, there were decided signs of mutiny in the Missouri camp until the rabble were assured by their leaders that the people of the Territory had made all the concessions demanded of them. The people of Kansas occupy precisely the ground they occupied before the raid, viz: that of law-abiding citizens; but they do not recognise as laws the atrocious acts of the sham Legislature forced upon them by the Missouri invaders, nor will they recognise as law officers the appointees of that ruffianly body. Governor Shannon is said now to be disposed to side with the people of Kansas, and will probably take up his residence at Lawrence."

## From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLXXXI.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent maketh a Pilgrimage to Plymouth—He chideth the Abolitionists—And speaketh by allusion of Pies—Why he went—He telleth of the Meeting—Of the Hall where it was held—Of the bulker thereof—Of how he revered the soul of the pious Hallett—The Correspondent sympathiseth with this suffering saint—And defendeth him from suspicions of want of Patriotism—He returneth to his muttons—Of the Speakers—How Mr. Garrison fell away by the wayside—How they spoke—Of the private Solemnities—Of the Celebration of the Pilgrim Society—Mr. Sewall's Oration commended—Of the Dinner—Of Mr. Phillips's Speech and its reception—Of the Concluding Ball—Of the Bazaar—Of the Bell and the Ringers thereof—A Knowing Editor—John Bunyan and Bell-ringing—Mrs. Chapman's return, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, Dec. 24, 1855.

I AM just returned from Plymouth, where the Old Colony Anti-Slavery Society held its usual Celebration of Forefathers' Day. I told you, several years ago, how it happened that, the Pilgrim Society having let the day drop, the Abolitionists, with that mediæsomeness which is the badge of all their tribe, picked it up and perverted it from its proper ends to their own base ones. Instead of making it a good comfortable occasion of magnifying the Fathers, for the purpose of inferring how much more enlightened, wise and intelligent the Sons are, they have, for several years, used it as an opportunity of venting their spleen against our most cherished institutions, as well as against Our First Men. This year, to be sure, the Pilgrim Society did hold a Celebration—of which presently—but these fellows that go about turning the world upside down would not be content without having their fingers in the pie again (in fact, if they did not have their fingers in an infinite variety of pies, it was not the fault of the Plymouth people), and so I thought it no more than due to you to take a look after them.

The Meetings were held on Saturday evening, the 23d, and all day and evening on Sunday, at the usual hours of service. They were held in Davis's Hall, a new, large and handsome room, in a building erected by Mr. Charles G. Davis, who was the first man arrested for the Rescue of Shadrach, and whom Mr. Commissioner Hallett was ill-natured enough to discharge on examination. That polished shaft of the Rev. Dr. Vinton's Church, whom his fellow-worshippers delight to send up to Convention as a pattern of their quality, was deeply grieved and shocked at an expression allusive to the future state of the wicked applied by Mr. Davis to the ingenious stratagem employed by the patriotic officials to get this Shadrach back again into the fiery furnace. Although the pious Commissioner, if I remember aright, could not constrain himself even to repeat, in his final Decision, the *improprietous* expression, still he discharged the defendant, merely because there was not evidence enough against him. I cannot think so ill of the patriotism, however I may appreciate the piety, of that pillar of State as well as Church, as to suppose that so entirely insufficient a reason as this could have been his main motive, and must incline to believe the story told at the time that instructions came down to him from Washington to that effect—it being thought there that the time had not *then* arrived to arrest the counsel of an alleged fugitive who should have the luck to be rescued. There will be time enough yet to play that trump card. All this is not violently to the purpose of this paragraph, as I began it. But the Hall was very particularly to the purpose, as it was altogether the best place we have had for meetings in Plymouth, and as good as need be anywhere.

And it was well filled, too. The largest audiences we have ever had there, I should think, were collected to hear what there was to be said. The principal speakers were Mr. Wendell Phillips, Mr. John C. Wyman, now of your City, Mr. Lewis Ford, and your late Corresponding Editor, of whose company I find it very hard to rid myself, let me go where I will. Messrs. Reed, of Abington, and Jchabod Morton, of Plymouth, also took part in the discussions. Mr. Garrison, who set out to go, was, you will be surprised to hear who know the directness of his course in general, carried off by a side-issue and failed to reach the point he aimed at. In other words, he was whisked off on the South Shore Branch, having taken a railway carriage too far to the rear. In fact, he was, as the Hon. Horace Mann said Mr. Phillips was, "skulking among the wagons in the rear," and so he missed us, and we missed him. However, the other speakers did as well as they could without him. Mr. Phillips and Mr. Wyman and Mr. Ford made very excellent speeches—the first-named gentleman coming no whit behind his very best attempts. As to your late Corresponding Editor, I forbear characterizing his efforts, lest, under the peculiar and delicate relations in which we stand to each other, I might not do him full justice. The hours out of the Meeting were spent in grave consultations, at the hospitable house of the President of the Society. Knowing as you do the character of that excellent gentleman, and of his housekeeping, you need not be told that seriousness marked the hours passed under his roof, especially when you know that a deeper solemnity was added to them by the presence of your grave though worthy fellow-citizen, named above.

The Pilgrim Celebration was held the day before, and was a very great success. Mr. Seward's Oration was a work of the highest order of merit—as you know before this time, yourselves. It was gratifying and hopeful to see the foremost Statesman in America maintaining, in spite of the obloquy with which he has been assailed, his old ground of the Higher Law. Though considerably more than two hours long, it was listened to by an audience which almost pressed the walls of the First Church outwards, with perfect attention to the end. No one left the church until they had had the whole. He made another very excellent speech at the Dinner in Pilgrim Hall, changing his hand, but not his mood. Among the after dinner speakers was Mr. Phillips, who had a most enthusiastic reception, and made a very capital speech, as you may infer from the telegraphic skeleton of the same. It excited great admiration and did much towards the completeness of the success of the occasion. It was not the least significant circumstance attending this Dinner that the mention of Mr. Garrison's name, in the course of Mr. Phillips's speech, was received with the most tumultuous applause. This Celebration was conceived and carried out in a liberal and catholic spirit, which should mark one that belongs to all the descendants of the Puritans, and, I am sure, cannot fail of a good effect. The festivities of the day concluded with a Ball, at Davis's Hall, which, I am told, was brilliant and successful. You, who know the strictness of my views on such subjects, need not to be told that I was not present myself. But the next night we purified it of any savour of saltatory vanity by our Anti-Slavery lustration.

The Bazaar has opened again, this year, with much prosperity. It is held in the same Hall in Winter street where the last one was. It is not the best conceivable place; but it is the best that could be had. It does not admit of much ornamentation, but what æsthetic capabilities it has were made the most of by the Messrs. Wellingtons, Mr. May and other volunteer decorators. The attendance of purchasers seemed to be of a very promising, or rather of a very *paying*, description. The display of articles was extremely fine at the opening, in spite of the non-arrival of some of the most valuable foreign boxes in time for the beginning. Several, however, arrived after it had been underway for a day or two, and gave a fresh impulse to the sales. The Liberty Bell renews its peal this year, after a silence of a year or two, and with some fresh hands at the rope. Mrs. Browning, Miss Martineau and Mrs. Gaskell have lent a helping hand, besides many others on both sides of the water. I just read in the *Evening Gazette* of this City, which thinks no small beer of itself as a literary paper, that a certain work was about to be published by "A Mrs. Gaskell, of Manchester"! The man, apparently, had never heard of Ruth or of Cranford. I remember that one of the vanities of John Bunyan's youth, over which he lamented in the more gracious estate of his riper years, was *Bell-ringing*. I don't believe he would see any sin in assisting at bringing out the music of such a one as this. The presence of Mrs. Maria W. Chapman at this Fair, after an absence from the country of several years, was a most grateful and gratifying circumstance. She was welcomed back to her old place at its head by all the well-wishers of this our domestic institution, and she seemed to take it as naturally as if she had never been away from it. But I shall have something more to tell you of the success of the Bazaar in my next letter. Till when, farewell. D. Y.

MR. PILLSBURY IN SCOTLAND.—We copy the following from *The* [London] *Anti-Slavery Advocate* for December.

"On the 29th of October a very interesting meeting was held in South College street Church, Edinburgh, to hear an address from Mr. Pillsbury, and to pass resolutions concerning American slavery, the American Churches and the Abolition movement. The meeting was presided over by Duncan McLaren, Esq., late Lord Provost, while several of the most influential citizens took part in the proceedings, which are well described in the editorial columns of the *Edinburgh News*. The sentiments and statements brought forward on this occasion have aroused inquiry for further information, to satisfy which, Mr. Pillsbury prepared a letter on the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which will be found in the present number of the *Anti-Slavery Advocate*. After leaving Edinburgh, Mr. Pillsbury spent a few days at Jedburgh, where he held one private and two public anti-slavery meetings. Much interest was awakened, and a strong desire was manifested to unite in anti-slavery efforts. The last of these meetings was also addressed in a spirited manner by the Rev. Mr. Read, of the Independent Chapel, which had been freely granted for the occasion, and by Messrs. Oliver and Hunter. The liveliest interest was manifested on behalf of *The Anti-Slavery Advocate*, several of those who were present gave their names as subscribers, and volunteered to be a committee to procure others. A few ladies met at Mrs. George Hilson's, in Canongate, and arranged preliminaries for a Ladies' Bazaar Committee; and Mr. Pillsbury left the town with the kind wishes of several newly made friends, and cheered with the assurance that his labours had been efficient."

DANIEL P. THOMPSON, Esq., for many years editor and proprietor of *The Green Mountain Freeman* (Montpelier, Vt.), has withdrawn from that journal, and is succeeded by Mr. S. S. Boyce. Mr. Thompson is an able writer and a man of literary taste and culture, and his retirement from editorial service will be regretted by the friends of the Republican party, of which he has been a consistent and faithful champion. Mr. Boyce is a stranger to us, but we trust he is not less ardently devoted to the cause of freedom than his predecessor, and that the *Freeman* in his hands will still be a useful and interesting journal.

MISSOURI.—The Legislature of this State failed to carry out the plans of the "Border Ruffians." It did not elect Mr. Atchison to the Senate, while it voted down a resolution approving the Kansas-Nebraska bill. Pretty well for Missouri.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Legislature adjourned on the 19th inst. The bill relating to the imprisonment of negro seamen was not reached. Nothing was done in relation to the affairs of Kansas, though various projects were proposed and discussed.

FUNERAL DISCOURSE.—The Boston *Telegraph* of Monday says: "Rev. Dr. Walker, President of Harvard College, yesterday preached a discourse to the memory of the late William Gibbons, a member of the Sophomore class. It was an eloquent and affecting production." We learn that the discourse will be published by the classmates of the deceased.

## Summary.

Stephen A. Douglas has gone to Cleveland to try the water-cure. He is suffering under ulceration of the throat.

Horace Mann thinks that Moses was the first conductor on the Underground Railroad, as he took out of Egypt the biggest train on record, containing two millions of passengers.

A WITTY LECTURER.—Rev. E. H. Chapin is a wit, as well as a divine and a lecturer. The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* reports that on being asked what his object was in lecturing so extensively, he replied that he lectured for F-A-M-E, which is the short for *fifty and my expenses*.

CONSCIENTIOUS.—The South Carolina Conference have resolved to sell their interest, as individuals, in the stock of the S. C. R. R. Company, "because the company would work on the Sabbath day, and they did not wish to participate in making money on the Sabbath."

A "BOSOM FRIEND."—The editor of the Boston *Liberator* calls upon the ladies of the North to make use of nothing that is produced by slave labour. [A lib.—*Ed. Standard.*] He need n't expect them not to use cotton. They will not *expel an old friend from their bosoms.—Louisville Journal.*

"If the slaves were not kept by their owners they would perish. They cannot take care of themselves."—*Stephens's Speech.*

John Little, a fugitive slave who went into the Canadian woods without a dollar, has raised crops this year that will bring him $2,400! He thinks he will be able to "take care of himself."—*Syracuse Chronicle.*

SOMETHING TO BE INVESTIGATED.—A quantity of the public arms at the State Arsenal, Harrisburg, has been removed recently surreptitiously, and it is supposed for the purpose of arming a Nicaraguan expedition. The arms consisted of rifles, muskets, sabres and powder-flasks, and they have been sent to New York. The matter is now under investigation, and if any such robbery has been committed, for any such purpose, the parties will be held strictly accountable.—*Phil. Ledger.*

THE LEAVEN AT WORK.—There is in circulation, in Virginia, a petition to the Legislature praying for an alteration in the Slave Code of that State, which shall put an end to the separation of families by sale or grant—shall recognise marriage between slaves—and make it lawful to teach persons of colour to read and write. The world moves, including the Old Dominion. She no more than any other community can resist the spirit of the age. It is one of Freedom and of Progress.

A SHARP CHILD.—Young Miss America, a baby yet of five years, sat playing with her doll, while her clerical father with a dull razor tore at his beard. "Pa," asked the innocent, "do dolls go to heaven when they get all smashed to pieces?" "No, dear; dolls have n't souls," answered the father. "Well, then, I don't want to die." "Why not?" "Why," answered she, "I s'pose I should have to go to heaven if I died, and I don't want to go anywhere that they don't have dolls." It would have been better to let the dolls in.

A PROTESTANT PIG.—An Irish woman in Bristol, a few days since, missed her pig, and after diligent inquiry learned that it was in possession of a highly respectable citizen of the town. She straightway called upon him, when he informed her that the pig had broken through a window into the Episcopal church, where his pigship was found, and if she would pay five dollars damages she could have the pig. She replied "The pig and the church may go to the *divil*. I'll pay no five dollars for him if he has turned Protestant."—*Prov. Post.*

COLLOQUY BETWEEN TWO GUESTS OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY.—*First gentleman.*—What has got into Dr. Holmes? He never took any interest in the slavery question before. What brings him out so strong all at once?

*Second gentleman.*—Why, My dear Sir, when they simply agitated slavery in Congress and the newspapers, it was of no more interest to him than to any one else; but the propagandists have taken to murder, lately, and that, you know, is in his line.—*Evening Post.*

LAW FOR VOLUNTARY ENSLAVEMENT.—The Senate of Virginia have lately passed a bill for the voluntary enslavement of a free negro of Southampton County. He is an old man, sixty years of age, and has been lately emancipated, but is anxious to remain in a condition of servitude, which he knows by his own experience and observation, is the best and happiest condition for his race. So numerous are applications of this character, that it has been found necessary to introduce a general law into the Legislature for the voluntary enslavement of a free negroes of the Commonwealth.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

We learn by a despatch from Washington that the whole subject of slavery will be brought before the Supreme Court of the United States this winter, in the case of Mr. Booth, the abolition editor who was convicted in the United States District Court for aiding in the escape of a fugitive slave, and was subsequently liberated by the State Court on a habeas corpus. This is one of the most interesting and important cases ever brought before the Supreme Court.

A SMART WOMAN.—A correspondent at Framingham sends us the following: "A young Irish woman attended a ball Thursday evening, in Saxonville, at the house of a coloured man, and was led down the mazy dance by many an ebony gentleman until midnight, when feeling somewhat unwell, she retired to another room, and immediately gave birth to a bouncing boy. At ten A. M., the child being nine hours old, she, not liking the accommodations, took her new charge in her arms and walked to Hastingsville, a distance of nearly three miles, in less than one hour."—*Boston Herald.*

TWO OF A TRADE AGREED.—The old proverb that two of a trade cannot agree has some exceptions, truly. In the *Chronicle*, to-day, appears the rare announcement of the marriage of two Doctors, *bona fide* M.D.'s, viz: Albert E. Miller, M.D., of Rome, and Mary E. Walker, M.D., of Oswego town. Thus paired, the two established themselves in Rome, and commenced business under the firm of Drs. Miller & Miller Walker, the wife still retaining an identity of her own in the business affairs by making use of her maiden name. "If the Doctors are agreed let others hold their peace."—*Syracuse (N. Y.) Chronicle.*

PRESIDENT SHANNON.—This man, standing at the head of the Missouri State University, and rendered famous, or rather infamous, by his violent pro-slavery lectures, &c., came originally from Ireland, as a Presbyterian clergyman, but shortly after joined the Baptists, then turned Millerite, and is now following the lead of A. Campbell: one step further, and he becomes a Mormon; he is represented, by those not friendly to him, in Missouri, as a great bigot in religion, as well as a fanatic in politics; as an impostor in the world of letters, and wholly unfit for his position; as an officer in Bacon College; and afterwards in Jefferson College, St. Louis, he "smashed" them both; and in the University over which he now presides, the Freshman class has but three regular students, and the Sophomore, five, and he has brought it down from a state of prosperity to the condition of beggary.—*Boston Congregationalist.*

NEGRO THEOLOGY.—Negroes are not only religious—they are wags; yet the genius for humour is held to be an indication of the very highest capability in its possessor. When my gran'ther Fowler, away back in those Connecticut times when clergymen owned a few slaves, caught his nigger Cuff bowing and fussing like a Greek priest, before an ugly wooden image that he had cut out, he said:

"What's this? What's this, Cuff?"

For a moment Cuff was silent, but he looked up, and said:

"Why, Massa Fowla, white man steal nigger—nigger no like white man. White man's God let him steal nigger—nigger no like white man's God. Massa Fowla make his God, and he like him; Cuff make *his* God, and then he know what he is, and he like him, too. Wah, wah, Massa Fowla."—*Putnam's Magazine.*

THE URCHINS SELECTING A PROFESSION.—"Joe, when you grow up do you mean to be a lawyer, or keep a confectionery store?"

"I haven't made up my mind, Tom, but pa wants me to be a minister."

"Oh, don't be a minister, Joe, for you can't go to the circusses then."

"I know that, Tom, but a minister, ma says, is the best profession. You know Mrs. Lovegrew adores Mr. Prettyface, and would n't you like to be adored, Tom?"

"Perhaps I should, but then you can't drive fast horses."

"O, yes you can, ministers drive fast horses now-a-days; and besides that, Tom, when they have a billious attack, the worshippers send them on a foreign tour; then he gets remembered in wills, and often has nice presents, and ma says it won't be long before every minister has his country seat, and a collegian to write his sermons. Won't that be high?"

Tom acquiesced, and the juveniles indulged in another game of marbles.

NEGRO STAMPEDE.—Our attentive Paris correspondent writes us that there was a negro stampede from Millersburg, Bourbon County, on the night of the 10th inst., of which he gives us the following particulars:

"They left Millersburg on Sunday night, in Mr. Mac Miller's splendid carriage, and in passing the toll-gates on the Maysville pike, the carriage was driven by a white man, who represented its inmates as a runaway match on their way to Aberdeen, the Gretna Green of Kentucky, to get married. There were seven negroes in all, three men, three women, and one child. One belonged to Mrs. Taylor, one to Mr. Mac Miller, and the other to Col. Knapp, and others in the neighbourhood of Millersburg. One of the negro men had been set free at the last term of Court, by Mr. Abe. Moore of Bourbon. They proceeded in the carriage to near Washington, whence they went on foot to East Maysville, whence they attempted to cross the Ohio in a skiff. The skiff leaked and sank, and the three women and child were drowned. The men cried for help, and were rescued by a market-man going from Aberdeen to Maysville, who, happening not to be an Abolitionist, took them to jail at Maysville. There is great excitement at Millersburg, and if they get possession of the free negro he will probably be hung. The white man, if he is discovered, will be pretty apt to meet with the same treatment."—*Louisville Courier, 10th.*

South Carolina talks of sending her militia to Kansas to put down the Yankee rebellion there. It would be singular if a State that has been the hot bed of nullification so long, should just now volunteer in so patriotic a work. Perhaps after all it would be as well for South Carolina to stay at home and take care of her "niggers;" it is quite as much as she is competent to. If Gen. Jackson had hanged some of the South Carolina rebels, at the first breath of nullification, a quarter of a century ago—which he would have done but for the intercession of other people—we should have heard less about resisting law ever since. South Carolina men talking of marching to Kansas to put down Yankee Abolitionists! Why, they would have to go without shirts or shoes or hats or muskets, or buttons to keep their trowsers together if it were not for the Yankees they love so much.—*Newburyport Herald.*

AN ASSIGNMENT.—S. M. Booth of the Milwaukee *Free Democrat*, announces that the subscriptions, good-will and all the effects of that journal have been assigned to pay his debts. He announces that he will pay 100 per cent. on all claims that may be presented up to the first of January. He adds, however, the following

"*Nota Bene.*—This offer does not include either of the Thousand Dollar judgments and costs rendered against us in Judge Miller's Court, for the support of the Slave Trade. To pay our just debts we have assigned all that is due us from subscribers and patrons, and if they are half as ready and willing to pay us, as we are to pay those we owe, we shall be able to obey the command to 'owe no man anything but to love one another,' and have enough left to buy a New Year's dinner. Come, friends, let us all practice the first principles of *honesty*, and pay our debts. A Christianity that wont lead men to pay their just dues is not only commercially worthless, but is religiously counterfeit, and will be at an enormous discount here and hereafter."

THE ESCAPED SLAVES OF THE SHIP "MIDDLESEX."—We published from the *Times*, recently, a brief account of the picking up, off the coast of Florida, by the ship "Middlesex," at this port from New Orleans, of two coloured men, supposed to be slaves. We learn that on the arrival at the ship at this port they were suffered to leave unmolested, and in due season were provided by friends with suitable clothing, and left for the Northern asylum, Canada, where they now are. The fugitives did not make much unnecessary conversation, but when we add that small canoes cannot live a great while off the coast of Florida, that they can float easily upon the Mississippi near the Balize, that the negroes were kindly treated on board the "Middlesex" instead of being put in irons, that they were suffered to go their pleasure upon arrival here, and moreover, that they are unusually shrewd and intelligent, it may be inferred what they did say, from whence they escaped, and who took an interest in getting them their freedom.—*Boston Telegraph.*

REV. DR. LOWELL'S FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.—This venerable and venefated pastor was settled over the West Church, January 1, 1806. On December 2d, a meeting of the proprietors was held, and a large committee chosen to take measures to observe appropriately the fiftieth anniversary of this event. Sunday, Chas. G. Loring, Esq., the chairman of the committee, read a very interesting report, alluding to the happy and harmonious relations which, in this ancient society, had always existed between the pastor and the people, and closing with a most affectionate and touching tribute to the long-continued services and fidelity of Dr. Lowell, and a series of resolutions for the appropriate observance of the coming anniversary on the first Sabbath of the new year. We understand that some original hymns will be written, and a sermon be delivered by the junior pastor of the church, Rev. A. Bartol. The occasion will be observed as privately and unostentatiously as the nature of the case will permit.—*Bost. Transcript.*

A NEW KIND OF SLAVE TRADE.—A letter from Callao, Peru, says:

"The only business transacted at present is the selling of Chinese slaves, landing from American and English ships. Language is inadequate to express the horrible condition of these miserable wretches. Stolen from their homes and families, smuggled on shipboard without their consent, on the passage treated like brutes, they are brought to this coast and sold to men who have no mercy for a nominal term of eight years, although in many instances no term of service is mentioned. An American ship sailed from China with six hundred and five, and landed four hundred and four, leaving two hundred and one, who either died or drowned themselves on the passage. The average price realized for this cargo of human flesh was two hundred and fifty dollars ($250) per head. The horrors of the African slave trade in its palmiest days were nothing compared to this, for in other countries there are laws for the protection of the slave; but here the master is clothed with absolute authority and can govern his slave as he sees fit. How men with souls and any human feeling, can engage in so nefarious a business, I am at a loss to conceive, and yet this vessel is owned by white men."

OVERSEER KILLED BY A NEGRO IN MISSOURI.—A sad tragedy occurred last Friday week on the farm of Mr. John Yager, a few miles from Dover, in Lafayette County. A young man named Winslow, recently from Virginia, was killed by one of Yager's negroes.

The Lexington *Express* gives the following account of the affair:

The facts detailed to us are substantially as follows: The negro having failed to build a fire as required, Winslow called to him. The other servants told the boy that Winslow was calling him, when he replied, "Let him call and be d—d." After this Winslow went out, taking his gun with him, and again ordered the boy to build a fire, and also told him that if he did not behave himself he would shoot him. The negro replied, "Shoot and be d—d." The other servants say that at this Winslow called for a gentleman named Miller, and at the time so informed Mr. Miller. When Miller went out in answer to Winslow's call, neither Winslow nor the negro was to be seen; but, upon a second search, he found Winslow lying upon his face, with a dreadful cut on the side of his head, ranging just above the ear. Before the young man could be carried into the house he was dead. The young man was a son of Mr. Henry Winslow, of Saline County, Miss.

The negro has been arrested, and at the latest accounts was undergoing a trial.

HOW ANTHONY ROX GOT FREE.—Some one asked Anthony Rox, a superb engine driver, on the Ohio river, how he came to get free?

"Why, Massa Vincent, my health was very bad when I was in Kentucky: I could n't do no kind of work; I was very feeble; 'twas jes as much as I could do to hoe my own garden and eat the sass; and the Missus that owned me see that I was a mis'able nigger—one of the mis'ablest kind. So I said to her —' Missus, I'm a mis'able nigger, and I ain't worth nothing, and I think you'd better sell me I'm such a mis'able nigger.' Now, Massa Vincent, I was such a poor nigger that missus agreed to sell me for a hundred dollars, and I agreed to try to work and earn the money to pay her, and I did, and my health has been getting better ever since, and I 'spects I made about nine hundred dollars that time out of that nigger. Wah, wah, Massa Vincent."

CHEROKEE LEGISLATION.—A correspondent of the Fayetteville *Independent* writes from Talequah, the capital of the Cherokee Nation, as follows:

"According to a recent act, white men will be recognised as citizens of the Cherokee Nation, by applying to one of the clerks of the district for a license to marry, which, being granted, they will be required

# Miscellaneous Department.

## MEMORIAL OF THE LATE MR. ESTLIN.

NO. VII.

ALTHOUGH at this time appropriating considerable sums in order to get the *Anti-Slavery Advocate* well into operation, Mr. Estlin also renewed his generous aid to those who were labouring in America. In a letter, written in January, 1853, he enclosed a draft (for $150) which he desired to have divided among the different anti-slavery journals here, the *Standard*, *Liberator*, *Freeman* and *Bugle*; reserving twenty-five dollars as a donation for Captain Drayton (then recently released from the jail of Washington) with his "good wishes, admiration and respect."

He spent ten days, during this month (January) and again in March a fortnight, in London—making his lodging-rooms there a resort for anti-slavery people, and conferring with them in regard to various means of aiding the cause. He had many interviews with Mr. Chamerovzow, the new Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and became much interested in him personally, and in his various plans for the spread of anti-slavery principles in Great Britain. He was very hopeful of good results from this gentleman's connection with that Society. He considered him to be wholly free from the narrow prejudices and personal hostility which had actuated the former Secretary, and which had so largely infected all the operations of the London Committee, and was very happy in the hope, nay, the belief, that a new and better time was even then dawning, when a spirit of justice, sympathy and courtesy towards the American Abolitionists would prevail in England with all who claimed to love the anti-slavery cause. Perhaps Mr. Estlin never exerted himself more earnestly and heartily for the accomplishment of any object, that he did to bring the facts of the previous history of the anti-slavery movement in America to the new Secretary's knowledge, to remove all unfounded prejudices, to explain all misconceptions, to prepare minds on both sides the water for a closer cooperation, and to confirm and strengthen every existing bond of sympathy. And the new Secretary very cordially welcomed Mr. Estlin's efforts, appeared to sympathize with them, and by word and by correspondence manifested the highest respect for Mr. E., and a warm interest in his plans. But no substantial and abiding result followed. The causes of this failure it is no part of the plan of this memorial to investigate; and perhaps the full materials for deciding upon them are not known. But the fact is beyond doubt; to this hour the London Anti-Slavery Committee remains as cold, as malignant, and as hostile as ever to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and to all its members and operations. That a better, more honourable, more manly, and more Christian spirit does not exist in that Committee, is surely not owing to any want of assiduous and patient effort on Mr. Estlin's part. Well and truly did he labour to that end, and win for himself a share in the Saviour's benediction, "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Some details extracted from a letter written by a member of the Bristol and Clifton Anti-Slavery Society will show the position of the cause in Great Britain at this time (April, 1853):

"There was to be a public reception for Mrs. Stowe last evening, in Glasgow Sir George Stephen was very anxious to bring one about in Liverpool, on her landing, and we are glad he was not disappointed. [Sir G. S. was known to be in favour of dealing with slaveholders and their abettors in the most plain and direct manner, and to have heartily approved of some 'very eloquent remarks of Mr. Garrison on *hard language*.'] * * * It is cheering to observe the increasing prevalence of strong feeling and language concerning slaveholding, and the decrease of the apologetic tone when reference is made to it; and such references are now incessant, the public papers, railway guides, everything is full of them. It will be curious to see what course will be pursued by the leaders of the different religious Societies this Spring. They will have a struggle between their American pro-slavery alliances, and the popular anti-slavery pressure that will be brought to bear upon them, aided by the *British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society's* Appeal. [This 'Appeal' was a strong and earnest document, calling the attention of Christian Churches and Denominations in Great Britain to the facts of the pro-slavery position of the American *religious* bodies, and entreating them to take suitable action. This appeal understood to have been written by Mr. Chamerovzow, was sent to 5,000 clergymen and dissenting ministers, and was a useful and valuable measure.] * * * Miss P——'s visit to Leeds has borne good fruits. She spent nearly three months there, removing many misconceptions and prejudices, and bringing together the scattered elements of anti-slavery life. An Anti-Slavery Association is now formed there, of which the L——s, Mrs. B——, Mr. Wilson Armistead, some Episcopalian clergymen, and most orthodox dissenting ministers and their wives are members. Mr. Armistead is an indefatigable labourer in the cause, and very free from the narrow views which have kept so many of his sect [the Friends] from cooperating with the American Abolitionists. I enclose a prospectus of the series of tracts he is publishing, and some specimens of the little *texts* he sends abroad. Perhaps you may have had, from Leeds, some of the tracts he has printed."

At a half-yearly meeting, held about this time, at Cheltenham, of the Western Unitarian Christian Union, Mr. Estlin introduced resolutions, expressing the earnest hope "that at the approaching anniversary of the 'British and Foreign *Unitarian* Association,' a faithful and Christian exhortation may be addressed to our brethren of a common faith in America, affectionately entreating them, in some way corresponding to their social influence and elevated religious views, to bear their testimony against slavery, and to use their utmost efforts for its speedy abolition." This resolution Mr. Estlin, though in poor health, sustained by a well-prepared, forcible speech, showing his mature acquaintance with the history of the anti-slavery struggle in America, and with the position and doings of its enemies not less than of its friends. Mr. Estlin's resolutions were seconded by Rev. Mr. Steinthal, and were adopted by the "Union." A digest of Mr. E.'s speech on this occasion was published in the *National Anti-Slavery Standard* for June 11, 1853.

The month of May arrived, and Mr. Estlin, accompanied by his daughter and Miss Pugh of Philadelphia, went to London, to attend the annual meetings of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association and also of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society (to which he had recently become a subscriber, in the full faith that its previous course towards American Abolitionists had been changed, and thenceforth would be fair), and to improve all openings and opportunities of giving a right direction to the anti-slavery feeling, then so extensively awakened in England by the visit of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." To the number of his party was soon added Mr. JAMES MILLER MCKIM, of Philadelphia, who had recently arrived in England, and whose coming was greeted by Mr. Estlin and his friends with a most joyous welcome, even as that of an old friend. For nearly two weeks after their arrival in town, they were daily conferring with anti-slavery friends in private, or attending public meetings with a view to the promotion of the anti-slavery cause. The deep interest he felt led him to undertake labours and undergo fatigue greater than his bodily strength could endure. An attack of paralysis occurred, which, though not of the severest type, was yet enough to deprive him temporarily of all use of his right hand, and completely to prostrate his enfeebled powers. He remained in London until the 19th of June, and then returned to Bristol, watched with the most assiduous affection and care by his daughter and by other friends. He gradually recovered much of his former strength, and was soon able to use his right hand a little in ministering to his own wants; but its wounded power and skill in difficult surgical cases, and operations upon the eye, were gone forever; and rarely did he attempt to use it more, even in writing. He lived two years after this first attack—by the greatest exactness, method and care, with regard to diet, exercise, occupation and recreation, warding off the approach of disease, maintaining a good degree of bodily comfort, and really finding much to enjoy, very much for which to be devotedly grateful. Though no longer able to participate actively, as he had done, in anti-slavery efforts and labours, his perfectly clear mind and excellent judgment rendered him yet an invaluable adviser and counsellor. It requires self-denial to refrain from copying largely from letters written during these two years beneath his roof and with his own knowledge and sympathy; but a sense of duty forbids me to lay too broadly open the private experience, the quiet happiness, the indwelling peace, with whose sustaining and refreshing influences he was blessed during those years of bodily lassitude, comparative idleness, and sometimes pain. I must seek however to gather, from the accounts received during this time, at least a brief and meagre sketch, which will enable the reader to understand something of the manner in which those two years were passed.

It was a work of much difficulty, and requiring much time, to transfer to other hands the professional business, responsibilities and duties which had so long been assumed and cheerfully borne, or performed, by Mr. Estlin. Patients came daily, from near and distant places, to seek his aid; some could with difficulty be convinced that it was no longer in his power to aid them. Committees of Blind Asylums, Domestic Missions, Medical Societies, &c., who had long been accustomed to look to him for the performance of intricate and perplexing work, were to be corresponded with, and his active connection with them terminated. Various treasurerships, and the care of various private concerns, long entrusted to his management and care, were to be transmitted to other hands. But at length the imperative necessity, felt by himself, from all burden-some details, and all cares of a business nature; and then ensued a period of repose and release from labour, which proved most welcome and grateful to his mind. The leisure thus acquired, he gave (so far as bodily weakness permitted) to the Anti-Slavery Cause—which he felt, never more strongly, to be emphatically the truth of God, and the duty of every Christian man. "No anxieties for the present or fears for the future interposed their shadow to dim his interest in all that pertained to the holy work of freedom." He "read all the anti-slavery intelligence with his wonted interest, making many suggestions of things to be done." One extract, from a letter written by his daughter, I must make, in justice:

"I am anxious for you and all our American friends, who know my father almost exclusively as a coadjutor in their anti-slavery work, not to take to heart his illness with the belief that his labours in *this* cause are responsible for it. If he could have been exempted from hourly demands upon him, far more harrassing and interminable—things that made no show and brought no reward beyond the conviction of duty done—he could have gone on *buoyantly* with his efforts for the slave. But he never was secure from calls, and demands upon his time, from morning till night, and could never accomplish, at its appropriate time, the writing, &c., which he used to apportion for his morning's work. * * He always said it was not for him to judge what was the right direction of his talents. Inclinations might lead him to turn a deaf ear to claims of paramount importance; if others felt he could serve them, or their objects, it was not for him to refuse so long as he had strength to comply. * * * I have proposed retiring to a quieter neighbourhood, as he could not deny himself to people here, but he evidently feels this to be his post; and an unwavering confidence that he would be sustained in it, until he was no longer needed, has made me await calmly the time when he would fall under the accummulated pressure. * * * Now, with an approving conscience and a sense of no duty, to white or black, having been voluntarily neglected, there is nothing to reproach himself with, while the refreshing sympathy that is daily pouring in upon us, is making us realize the worth of spending life, and *being spent*, in the service of our brethren. If he had died, as I had anticipated, from some sudden illness, caused by the over-taxing of his strength, we should only have grieved that some temporary evil would be suffered by the abrupt termination of his efforts. But, as it is, we are overwhelmed with gratitude at this gentle preparation, leaving time to adjust, and transfer, and break the shock of his sudden removal from a field of active service"

On the 6th of July, 1853, less than two months from his attack in London, he wrote, in pencil and with his left hand, to an American friend. In that note, after expressing his gratitude for the many tokens of friendship he was receiving, which he counts among "the blessings of sickness," he says—"Though suddenly smitten and driven from the field of active exertion, I have retired into a tranquil seclusion abounding in comfort, enabled to contemplate a lot the mercies of which silence every murmur of regret. Perhaps I may regain some strength and vigour? If I suffer no more than I do now, I can be very happy—I trust

'Resigned to die, or resolute to live.'"

I have never had such time for reading as now, and can read with perfect ease and enjoyment. The American anti-slavery papers are a great treat, and a letter very acceptable."

In September, having seen a letter of Rev. J. H. Allen, of Bangor, Maine, in the London *Inquirer*—a letter evincing misconception of the anti-slavery movement—he wrote a reply to it, which also appeared in the *Inquirer*. He suffered much, in his feeble condition, from his efforts to compose this letter—still he would not forbear the effort. But this was an exception to the general course of his life that Summer. It was spent mostly in the country, in that quiet of mind and body, and in that pleasant and unfatiguing intercourse with old and cherished friends, which he so much needed. "All these and countless other blessings" (I quote from a letter written in November), "have been so showered upon him, that if we had *ever* been inclined to encourage apprehensions or forebodings, they must have been lulled to rest by the gentle love which has brooded over this peaceful season of his life's evening." From the same letter I must also quote a few other lines, not so much for the quiet and pleasing picture they give us of his occupations at this time, as for the insight they afford into his mind and character:

"His hand is but partially recovered, and has been stationary for two months or more; he has just written a note to show you his power of using the pen. He was always so delicate a manipulator, that the ordinary observer would not know how great is the extent to which he is crippled. He works at his investigations with the microscope, which was always a very favourite pursuit; and he now patiently takes ten minutes in dissecting some fragile specimen which he used to do in as many seconds, and often drops the treasure just as it is prepared for inspection, and then begins the whole process afresh without a word of complaint or a gesture of vexation. As he does not see what I am writing I must just add, though it sounds like eulogy, that his never having exhibited a shadow of disappointment or impatience throughout, even in his most helpless state, not on first re-visiting his deserted surgery and opening the various drawers and boxes containing his eye-instruments and all his surgical apparatus—this *does*, in my estimation, show that he has made no slight progress in self-discipline. For he is not apathetic, but has a peculiarly lively interest and pleasure in professional duties, and in manual operations requiring skill and dexterity. But now he feels that these are to give place to a more idle existence, and that as his *work* in life is done, he has only to wait patiently for the end, giving what aid he can by example and advice to those who have always relied upon him, and who still come to him as their counsellor."

From Mr. Estlin's note, referred to at the commencement of the foregoing extract, and which was dated Nov. 3, 1853, I take the following:

"With my pen between my first and second finger (right hand!) I will send you my hearty thanks for your kind sympathy. But you must not grieve for me. I have much to make me an object of congratulation. Even the *loss*, at first, and the continued weakness of my hand is favourable for me; nothing short of this weakness would have spared my head as I have been obliged to spare it, and must continue to do. But I enter with as much interest as ever into our accustomed anti-slavery objects, and can *read*, if I cannot write."

At this time he had so far recovered his usual health as to be able to walk four or five miles, in the course of a day, without undue fatigue, and to take short excursions from place to place unattended.

It was a special satisfaction and relief to Mr. Estlin, as well as a very great gratisfaction to the friends of the cause generally, that Mr. McKim, of Philadelphia, was at that time in England. In every respect qualified to defend and maintain the cause, he contributed by his arguments, and not less by the manner and spirit in which they were presented, very greatly to its furtherance during this Summer and Autumn.

NO. VIII.

The following tribute to Mr. Estlin's character and services to the anti-slavery cause was written by WILLIAM WELLS BROWN to a friend in this country, in October, 1853, the Autumn following Mr. E.'s first attack of paralysis:

"Miss Estlin no doubt acquainted you long since of the severe illness of her father; and you will regret to learn that he is still in feeble health. His death would indeed be a great loss to the anti-slavery movement. I have been upon more intimate terms with Mr. Estlin than with any other person with whom I have become acquainted in this country, except George Thompson; and the more I have seen of him, the more I love the man. He is indeed the head of the anti-slavery movement in this country. The Sturges and others dwindle into nothingness when compared with John B. Estlin. They are always ready to take hold of anything anti-slaverywise that is popular; but their sectarian biases would not only keep them from working with Mr. Garrison, but with other members of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But Mr. Estlin is a different man; his heart, his house and his purse are ever open to the slave and his friends. I have long since become satisfied that he is one of the most Christian and philanthropic men with whom I have met during my four years' sojourn in this country."

In January, 1854, PARKER PILLSBURY went to England, hoping, by a period of comparative rest from his long and arduous labours in the cause, to recruit his impaired health; ardently longing, too, to become personally acquainted with those devoted friends of the anti-slavery cause in Great Britain and Ireland, whose names had so long been dear, and cherished as household words, in his as well as many other American homes. After a brief visit to Ireland, Mr. Pillsbury came to Bristol, in a very poor state of health; his former unfavourable symptoms having been much aggravated by his sea-voyage. He was most warmly welcomed by Mr. Estlin, and at once made at home in his house. He had been there but a few days when his disorder assumed an alarming form, and, for a time, his recovery was doubtful. With the most eminent medical aid which the city of Bristol could afford, and with the most assiduous nursing and care, his health was at length partially restored. He declared his belief that his life was saved by the watchful care which he received under Mr. Estlin's roof. "I need hardly tell you," writes Miss E., "that it is a great source of thankfulness to us to be able to minister to his comfort, and to have our many appliances for illness turned to *his* advantage. * * * It makes my father so happy to feel that *his* home and *his* medical advice can still be of service to any one, above all to Mr. Pillsbury, who was one of the persons he most longed to know and to serve." In April, Mr. Pillsbury was sufficiently recovered to leave Mr. E.'s hospitable roof—which, however, he repeatedly re-visited.

Mr. Estlin spent a considerable portion of the Spring and Summer of this year [1854] at the sea-side village of Clevedon, retired from the bustle of fatigue incident to city-life, and greatly enjoying the simple occupations and recreation which his health allowed, together with the society of a few friends. While here, he received and enjoyed visits from Mr. C. F. Hovey, and Mrs. Follen (of Boston), both of whom had then been spending some time in Europe. It was here that he heard the sad tidings of the return of Anthony Burns into slavery from the city of Boston, and most deeply was he affected by this severe trial. "We have been *living with you*," says a letter, "through your late trial, and have shared your grief at the return of poor Burns into slavery, as well as your solicitude for the beloved and revered friends who have brought odium on themselves by their noble advocacy of justice. How our hearts have been with Wendell Phillips in all his exertions during that agitating week; and how we have admired Mr. T. Parker's powerful delineation of your city's disgrace, and his stern rebuke of the tools of the Slave Power! How we have thanked God for raising him up, and 'touching his lips with the live coal' of truth and righteousness; and how, with Mr. Grant (of the *Morning Advertiser*), we have prayed for 'more Theodore Parkers,' that the fearful plague might be stayed by their stirring appeals and faithful utterances."

August 1st, of this year, there was held, at Manchester, an Anti-Slavery Conference, at which were present a goodly number of eminent persons, including some who had not previously taken a public stand on the question of slavery. The presiding officer of the Conference, during the greater part of its sessions, was the Rev. Mr. Scott, President of Airedale College, near Manchester. Among the speakers were George Thompson, of London, Rev. Dr. Beard, of Manchester, William Wells Brown, Parker Pillsbury, Rev. Messrs. Bishop, of Liverpool, and Steinthal, of Bridgwater. It passed a series of resolutions, drawn up with the greatest ability, and expressing sympathy and respect for the *American Anti-Slavery Society* and its operations. A very interesting report of this Conference was drawn up and published under the superintendence of Mr. F. W. Chesson, then Secretary to the Manchester Anti-Slavery League. Though unable to attend this meeting, Mr. Estlin felt the deepest interest in its success, and sent to it a verbal communication, which was made by Rev. S. A. Steinthal.

The following extract from a letter of Miss Martineau, written in August, 1854, will be interesting to the reader:

"I hope Mr. Estlin is not worse in health than usual. I often think of that particular feature in his case, which must be his peculiar trial—the objectlessness of life when every kind of endeavour has become injurious to health, and therefore wrong. I know by experience what a sore trial that is; but there is an appropriate consolation, which I doubt not is as obvious to you as it was (and is) to me—that the important consideration is not what we *do*, but what we *are*. If this be true—and never was anything truer—Mr. E.'s life is as rich and significant now as it ever was or could be. There is but one testimony as to his quiet acquiescence and patient cheerfulness under his restrictions, and that fact is worth all he could possibly *do*, if he had the health and energy of a young man."

In the latter part of November [1854], an Anti-Slavery Conference was held in London, at the call of the Committee of the *British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society*. The call was a liberal one, and was understood to be designed to include the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, many of whom, in consequence, were present. Two ladies were present as delegates from the Manchester Anti-Slavery Society, and were admitted, without question, as members of the Conference. In fourteen years (from 1840 to 1854), that progress at least had been made in public sentiment, and the Broad Street Committee consented in silence to that which, in the first-named year, they had most resolutely and successfully resisted. Messrs. Bishop, James, Pillsbury and other friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society were present, and took part in the Conference. Mr. Pillsbury making very able and thorough speeches. But nothing could induce that Conference, a majority of whom were enemies to the living and out-spoken anti-slavery of Mr. Garrison and his friends, to express the smallest sympathy with the American Anti-Slavery Society—*nor so much as to recognise its name and existence*. It is probable that the course pursued in this Conference did more than all other things combined to destroy Mr. Estlin's remaining hopes that the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society (with its present Committee) would ever show friendship to the American Anti-Slavery Society, or give its sympathy to any vital, real form of anti-slavery action in the United States.

From a letter dated Bristol, Feb. 1, 1855, and written by Mr. Estlin with his own hand, only partially recovered from paralysis, I make the following extracts:

"I *must* send one line of thanks to you and the many friends who have felt a kind interest in my broken health. Whatever trial I have, it is as light as their best wishes desire it—so light as to demand from me the deepest gratitude to the Great Disposer of events.

"My heart remains unchilled by paralysis, and is as much touched as ever with interest in your letters, whether to my daughter, myself or Mr. Pillsbury. Mr. P. again leaves us to-morrow, carrying with him our highest respect and affectionate regard. We hope to see him again before he quits our shores, greatly rejoicing—whether we see him again or not—that circumstances have afforded us the power of being useful to him since our first personal acquaintance with him. * * Time and *hand* would fail me to send kindly greetings to all for whom I desire all good on your side the Atlantic, but I must name," &c., &c.

It was near this time that Mr. Estlin addressed to the Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society a note, in reply to one which the Secretary had written in justification of the course of the London Conference, and in censure of Mr. Pillsbury's *plain language* there. I venture to express the hope that, at some time, this letter of Mr. Estlin may be made public. It was written with even more than his usual terseness and vigour, and shows that neither his *mind* nor heart was affected by disease. With dignity, but with the utmost directness, he upbraids the London Committee with their mere *management*, for sectarian ends, of the comprehensive and lofty cause of anti-slavery, and registers his protest against such inefficiency and moral incapacity. I think I do not describe this pointed note too strongly.

One other subject of solicitude affected his mind, during these last moments of his life, equally with that of the unworthy course of the British and Foreign Society. I allude to the course of Frederick Douglass. Mr. Estlin had been one of Mr. D.'s earliest and warmest friends in England. We have already seen the interest he manifested in opening the way for Mr. Douglass's public meetings, in circulating copies of the Narrative of his life, and in causing a French translation of that Narrative to be printed at Paris. It was long before he could admit the idea that Mr. Douglass, in his change of feelings and spirit towards his old friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, was other than misguided; and he hoped much from a returning sense of justice and honour. But when he saw that Mr. Douglass was taking up the old pro-slavery charges of *infidelity* and *enmity to religion* against the American Anti-Slavery Society and its friends and members; when he knew that Mr. D. allowed his paper to become the vehicle of the most paltry abuse of them; and when he found that he was going up and down the land, in America, with speeches grossly misrepresenting the spirit and character of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and was sending those speeches across the water, for circulation in Great Britain, with the apparent purpose of crippling the efforts of the friends of the American Society there, he could no longer doubt as to the opinion he should hold and express. He could not but grieve at such an instance of moral perverseness, nor fail to warn others from being deceived by it.

But this notice of Mr. Estlin's life and services to the cause of Humanity draws to a close. Would I could have penned a worthier tribute to this good man. To some, what I have written may appear one-sided and partial. I have aimed and striven that it should not be so. I am conscious of a very deep respect and affection for him whose character I have attempted to portray, and I am aware that these feelings may lead to statements unduly strong. Yet, knowing this, I have endeavoured to be continually on my guard. The occasional testimonies of other persons which I have quoted show that I am far from being alone in my estimation of him. "He was a rare and true friend to the cause," said Mr. R. D. Webb; "it was as it were his daily bread." The numerous testimonies to his worth which followed his death proved how strong and how general were the affection and respect entertained for him.

Long as I have known Mr. Estlin, and much as it has been my privilege to confer with him, it comes to me even now as a matter of wonder that, at his time of life, he should have espoused the anti-slavery cause with such earnestness, and continued to cherish so long and active an interest in it. It came to him late in life—when verging towards sixty years—at a time when, in the estimation of men generally, and of many deemed conscientious persons too, he might have honourably declined its new labours, responsibilities and fatigues. He had known more than forty years of very constant and systematic labour, of which an unusual proportion had been given to calls of charity and benevolence. He might, unblamed, have declined the labours and difficulties of a wholly new cause, and have suffered himself to rest. Most men would have so decided. But to him there was a clearly-sounding voice, "Friend, go up higher." Without taking counsel of worldly prudence and ease, almost without conferring with flesh and blood, he resolved not to disobey the heavenly vision. Like the Roman centurion, his prayers and his alms had gone up in memorial before God; but, like him also, he was ready for every new service which, in God's providence, should be required of him. "Immediately," therefore, he girded on the armour with which to fight anew the good fight of the Gospel of Christ, against the hosts of slavery, and the spiritual wickedness in high places of State and Church which it had leagued in its support.

Mr. Estlin's interest in all that concerned the progress of the anti-slavery cause in this country seemed to grow even stronger, as his life drew nearer to a close. There being several topics on which he desired to confer with the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Committee of Bristol and Clifton, he had made a special request that they would assemble at his house on the afternoon of June 8th. On that day, he appeared to be as well as he had been for some time previous, keeping his bed indeed till towards noon, but even there revising and correcting a letter on the state of the anti-slavery cause which he had written the evening before to a friend in Lancashire. In the course of the day, he walked out twice, and met the ladies of the Committee in the afternoon. He spoke to them with deep concern of the course of those pretended anti-slavery persons, both in America and in England, who were constantly attacking the American Anti-Slavery Society, and doing what they could to give a new currency to the old, false, pro-slavery charge of "infidelity" against that Society and its members; and he urged the Committee to do what they could to show the inconsistency of pretending to *aid the anti-slavery cause* by collecting funds for any such person or persons. After tea, the Committee returned to the drawing-room and engaged in business. Mr. Estlin joined them, and sat listening to the reading of some anti-slavery correspondence. It was at this time, and while thus engaged, that the second and last affection by paralysis seized him. He suddenly found himself unable to articulate distinctly, and, on attempting to rise from his chair, sunk powerless into the arms of his daughter. He requested to be carried to his bed-room, which was immediately done, and medical aid was in attendance, without delay. After this he spoke two or three times, but never opened his eyes. He lay in this situation, suffering from attacks of cramp and sickness, yet with intervals of greater ease, in which by signs he communicated his wishes, and showed that he still retained his consciousness, until Sunday morning (June 10), when he breathed his last. Those who stood around him knew that, "though his body suffered, his spirit was full of peace, that the faith which had been his support through life, was his support unto the end." We respond most entirely and affirmatively to the words of one who was nearest of all others to him on earth—"Is not this a blessed *translation* for him, and a fitting close of his career of usefulness?" We can indeed conceive no more tranquil, desirable close of his long, active, disinterested, well-spent life. We believe, with her whose words we have just referred to, that "it is just what he would have chosen for himself." He had feared to remain "a useless cumberer of the ground, when his mind had lost its vigour and his limbs their power to move, and though he trusted the future confidingly to Him who had graciously ordered the past, and though he extracted enjoyment from every available source, yet it was with patient effort rather than spontaneously, and amidst perpetual reminders of what had passed away forever." Still, in the midst of "increasing bodily weakness, the vigour of his mind seemed *intensifying* to the last." Only a few days before his death, he prepared and sent to the editor of the *Anti-Slavery Advocate* a letter addressed to the Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, in which he withdrew his name as a member of the Society, and which he considered the completion of the testimony he had been called to bear to the lukewarmness and narrow policy, to the want of courage, justice, fidelity and impartiality, which had marked that Society's operations for many years past. This letter appeared in the *Advocate* for July last, and its words of stern fidelity to truth and principle seemed clothed with new power, since the hand which penned them and the heart which dictated them lay still in death.

As we have seen, the call from earth and its pursuits and pains to heaven and its glorious recompense of reward, came to him while his thoughts were all alive to the interests of the anti-slavery movement, and his heart full of solicitude to save it from harm. To such a man, so true, so disinterested, so filled with the love of the just and good, we feel assured that death can be no evil. The spirit which had for years been gaining its daily triumphs over the body and its infirmities, whose superiority to these was never more manifest than in his last days, which was so entirely emancipated from the *fear* of death, could not, we are sure, become *subject* to death, but, through the power of the immortal life given to the sons of God, must add the one remaining victory—that over the grave and its perishing dust,

"When faith and love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou did'st resign this earthly load
Of death, call'd life, which us from life doth sever.
Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,
Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But, as faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss forever." S. M., JR.

## THE NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.*

WE have felt, on laying down this volume, like one who has trodden "a banquet-hall deserted" The guests are gone, the lights burn low, the ivy-wreaths are drooping, the *debris* of the feast remain; but the spice of the Ambrosia has grown faint, and the Attic salt has lost its savour.

How could it be otherwise? These famous papers, dashed off for a magazine, by the most dashing of magazine writers—by turns so trenchant and severe, and then again so graceful and so flippant—reflecting the moods of a moment and the passions of a party—what hold have they now upon us, when the occasions that called them forth, and the audience to whom they appealed, have completely passed away? Not, of course, that there are not passages—perhaps whole conversations—which are entitled to a more lasting value; but even these are interwoven with forgotten allusions, are redolent of strongest old-world Toryism, and couched in most uncompromising Scotch, till one tires of sifting and separating, and would fling away gold and dross together.

Prosessor Ferrier, the editor, son-in-law and Boswell of Professor Wilson, has committed a grievous error by this re-publication of the "Noctes." He should either have let them rest in a not dishonoured grave, or should have given us what of valuable and permanent there is in them, and *that alone*. As it is, many a reader will start bravely with the first volume, will get through the early chapters with more or less ease, will flag towards the latter ones, and, as a second, a third, and a fourth volume succeeds, will give up, despairing and worn-out, and anxious to avoid all Tory table-talk henceforth and forever.

Injudicious as is the editor's want of selection, what can we say of the editor's want of sense? "The Shepherd"—James Hogg, of the "Queen's Wake"—who is the chief talker in these conversations, and whose words are, of course, put into his mouth by Professor Wilson himself, is thus pleasantly described by Mr. Ferrier in his Preface:

"In wisdom the Shepherd equals the Socrates of Plato: in humour he surpasses the Falstaff of Shakspeare. Clear and prompt he might have stood up against Dr. Johnson in close and peremptory argument: fertile and copious he might have rivalled Burke in amplitude of declamation."

We have heard before of "three single gentlemen rolled into one"; but Falstaff, and Socrates, and Burke, and Johnson, united to form one character of Professor Wilson's! Verily, it is a good thing to have such a son-in-law as Mr. Ferrier!

Forgetful for a while, however, of the editor, let us turn back to the book itself. It is a series of conversations over suppers at Ambrose's coffee-house, and the conversationalists are this wonderful Shepherd, an obscure Mr. Tickler and Mr. North (alias Wilson himself). Whiskey toddy and oysters, books and politics, are alternately discussed. The evenings are genuine "*noctes cænaque Deûm*." As the bowl passes, Hogg waxes more eloquent, and North more sententious, and all more drunk. And now Hogg is called upon for a song, and Hogg responds; and Tickler, who is easily pleased, tells him it's "beautiful." And now North falls asleep, and is carried off to bed, and that night's symposium is over.

Such, or such like, are the threads on which the great Tory organ was wont to hang its criticisms, its poetics, its denunciations. It was well imagined. Wilson was so far North that every one knew that North was Wilson, and yet no one could really make the real Wilson answerable for all the fictitious North might please to say. And, although Wilson had too fierce a bravery to shield himself, yet the dignity of the magazine would suffer from the *fracas* in which an incautious editor might get himself involved.

The lion's share of these talks (as we have already said) falls to the Shepherd. If Hogg really talked at this rate, he must have been an insufferable nuisance—the man harangues for three pages at a time. He reminds one of Mdme. de Staeel's remark on Coleridge—"For a monologue, admirable—for a dialogue, *ah bah!*" Nor does he always talk well either. His eloquence is often rank—his similes are constantly recurring—his great truths are sometimes very empty platitudes. He sometimes forgets what he said in a previous conversation, and directly contradicts himself; *e. g.* p. 1: "I never dream between the blankets. To me sleep has no separate world. It is as a transient mental annihilation. I snore, but dream not. What is the use of sleep at all if you are to toss and tumble, sigh and groan, shudder and shriek? I lie all night like a stone." This, one might have supposed, would have settled the important point of the Shepherd's dreams. Not at all; in p. 275 we are bewildered at finding that, on being asked if he dream, the Shepherd replies, "Oh! sir, I not only pity but despise the cool that aff wi' his claes, on wi' his nightcap, into the sheets, down wi' his head on the bowster, and then, afore another man could have weel taken aff his breeks, snorin awa wi' a great open mouth, without a single dream ever travellin through his fancy! What wud be the harm o' pittin him to death?"

But all offences are venial compared with the too frequent coarseness and abuse that falls from the mouth of this endowed mortal. It may be all very well to speak out like a man—to call "a spade a spade"—to avoid "rosewater" sentiment, and gentle imbecilities of speech. This is one thing. It is quite another to imitate the fairy-stricken girl of the old story, and be ever dropping toads and vipers—unclean and poisonous things—and become feared and hated everywhere beyond a narrow circle. However, as North himself says, "calumny is extremely harmless"—and in spite of the personalities of the "Noctes," Wordsworth will be admired, and Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt read, and Madame de Genlis's "Tales of the Castle" remembered, long after their critics have been forgotten.

Of the Shepherd's panegyrics—for he can flatter as well as abuse—the chief peculiarity is this—that they are generally bestowed upon the Blackwood clique—and most of all on Christopher North himself! Conceive the vanity of the man! Professor Wilson, representing Hogg as perpetually belauding *him*, Prof. Wilson! Imagine Wilson sitting calmly down concocting compliments to himself, and putting them all in print!

One example will suffice: "Afore you (North) and her (*Blackwood*) cam out, this wasna the same warld it has been sin' syne. Wut and wisdom never used to be seen linkin alang thegither, han'-in-han', as they are noo, frae ae end o' the month to the ither," &c., &c., for a good page, winding up with "there's no sic a popular man in a' Britain the noo as Christopher North." What had poor Hogg done to be made nominally responsible for rubbish such as this?

In spite, however, of all these grave drawbacks to the pleasure of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," there is enough to make us feel how fascinating they must once have been—there is much to fascinate us still.

A rich power of language—a wild, mad humour—beautiful touches of pathos—sweet descriptions of scenery—yet linger among these faded papers. A grand volume might have been gleaned from them by some true editor.

Wilson's wealth of words is almost marvellous; and few authors have known better how to use their wealth—as Hogg (or rather Wilson himself) oddly enough but very truly, says, "and every now and then a bit curious and peculiar word—just ae word, and nae mair—that lets you into the spirit of the whole design, and makes you love both the writer and the written." What a picture is this! and it owes its beauty to a single word!—"a grey horse, that *caves* the foam frae its fiery nostrils"; and this, again—"the lark comes *wavering* down from heaven to sit beside his mate on her nest."

For more elaborate scene-painting see how the Shepherd paints a moor (p. 145), or a calm (p. 157), how he describes the death of a mutineer (p. 303), or a snow-storm in the mountains (p. 277). One short passage of great and characteristic beauty we cannot resist quoting: the conversations had turned on *ghosts*:

"Mony hunder times hae I maist swarfed wi' fear in lonesome spats in muirs and woods at midnicht, when no a leevin thing was movin but mysel and the great moon. Indeed, I canna say that I ever fau' mysel alane in the hush o' darkened nature, without a beatin at my heart; for a sort o' spiritual presence aye hovered about me—a presence o' something like and unlike my ain being—at times felt to be solemn and nae mair—at times sae awfu' that I wushed mysel nearer ingle licht; and ance or twice in my lifetime sae terrible that I could hae prayed to sink down into the moss, sae that I micht be saved frae the quaking o' that ghostly wilderness o' a world that wasna for flesh and bluid."—P. 201.

One word on the *humour* of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." One critic will praise it as "healthy animalism"—poor Blanco White, in a letter to John Stuart Mill, has stigmatised it as "a kind of *vous*." And both are right. It is rude, roystering, Rabelaisian. It is none the less racy, joyous, free-hearted. We can allow it much, too, for the sake of the tender pathos that often lie so near it. Only when bitterness and coarseness have come together in it—as they too frequently do—and the kindly nature has become tainted with party spirit, or private pique—only then does the humour disgust us, and the frolic fun of the writer fall feeble, and cold, and dead.

## A WHITE MOTHER FOR SALE.

From Parsons's "Inside View of Slavery."

MR. C., a dry goods merchant of Boston, was with me at the little city of M., where he went to visit a partner in trade. He had not been in a slave State before, and was bitterly opposed to emancipation. Two merchants—slaveholders—had been in our company on the way to that city. Whenever slavery was talked of, Mr. C. uniformly concurred with them. The next morning after we arrived, we saw a handbill in the bar-room, in which forty-four female slaves were advertised for sale. Stepping out into the street, we found those girls sitting on the sidewalks. At the further end of the row was a very beautiful girl, apparently perfectly white, and neatly dressed. The moment Mr. C. discovered her, he exclaimed, "What do you think that white girl is sitting there with those negroes for?"

"I presume she is a slave, sir," said I.

"That can't be!" replied Mr. C., "just look at her! Why, I never saw a prettier girl in my life."

Now, Mr. C. had heard that *likely quadroons* are held as slaves and sold in the market; but he had never believed that a young *lady*, so entirely American, so elegant in form and feature, so intellectual in appearance, with pure blue eyes, and the perfect red and white Caucassian complexion, was in the same degraded condition as the African girl. And his fine sensibilities were greatly shocked at the idea that a white girl, so beautiful, was doomed to such disgrace. His heart was steeled against sympathy for the blacks, but it was unshielded on the side towards the white race, to which his mother, wife and daughter belonged. Hence he was unprepared to believe it, when I said to him, "*she is a slave, sir!*"

There was the precise number, including her, advertised in the bill. Still incredulous, Mr. C. stepped up to the drover and asked, "Is that white girl a slave, sir?"

"That's not a white girl; she is a nigger, sir," replied the drover.

Mr. C. bit his lips with suppressed indignation, paused, and then ejaculated, "Is it possible?"

"Does she belong to *you*?" said he to the drover.

"Yes, sir," replied the drover.

"What do you ask for her?" inquired Mr. C.

"I was offered eighteen hundred dollars for her, last night. I want two thousand for her."

"What do you ask for that one?" said Mr. C., point